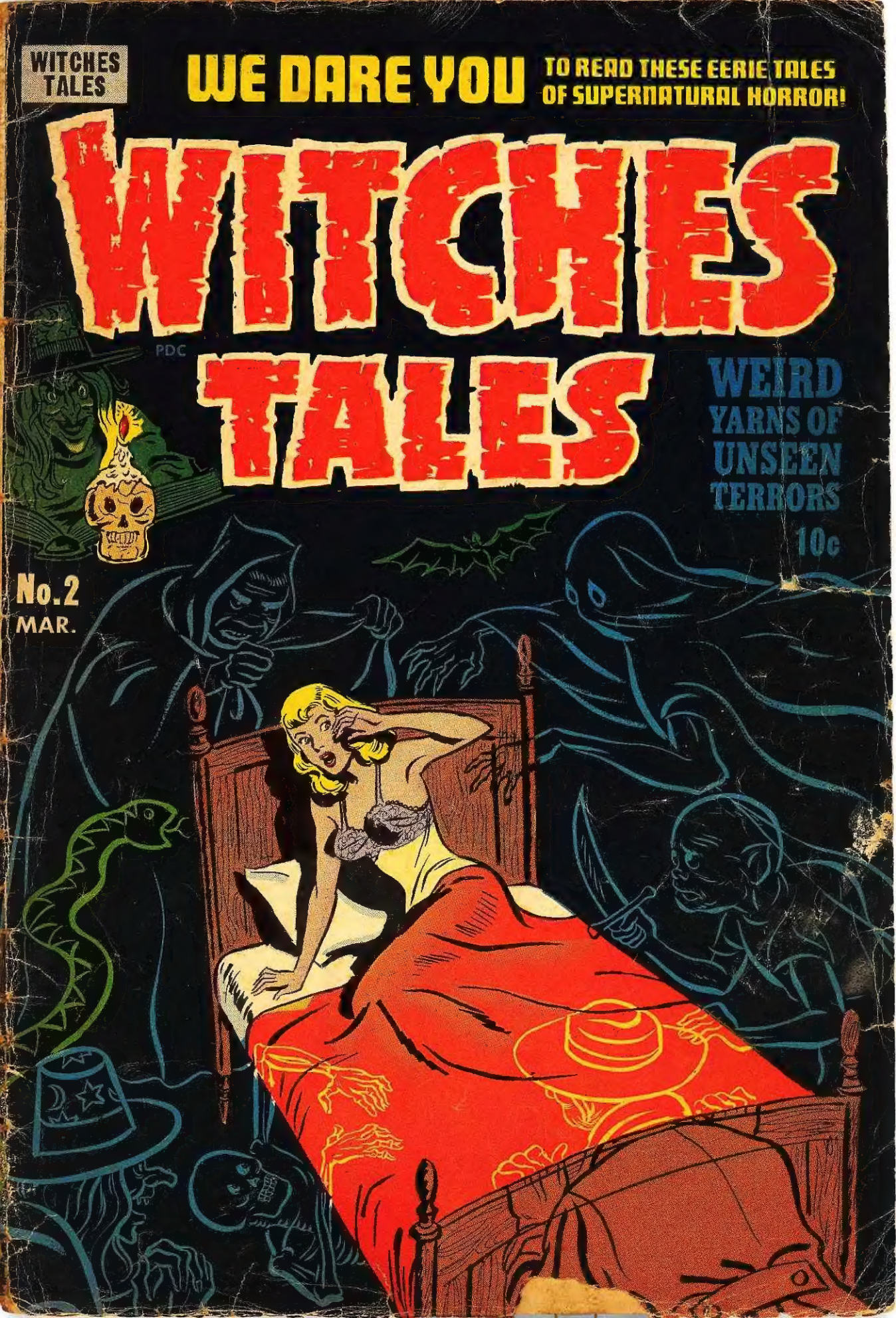
WITCHES TALES
WE DARE YOU
TO READ THESE EERIE TALES OF SUPERNATURAL HORROR!
WITCHES TALES
PDC
WEIRD YARNS OF UNSEEN TERRORS
10c
No.2
MAR.

A MESSAGE FROM THE WITCH

Heh, heh! The pot has bubbled and the brew is right! Mystery and horror crackle with glee. The flames of the fantastic leap high in the brimstone pit. Look! Look at how many letters fill my eerie den! A-ha-ha-a-a, how you fiends of fury-swept adventure delighted in my last issue of WITCHES TALES!!! Heh, heh, I . . . what? Oh, of course! My purring friend in the corner has reminded me of something. You, out there, don't forget to write to me. It does my black heart good to hear from you. Eh, the wind moans and the candle atop the skull burns low? Then, it is time again for another series of . . . WITCHES TALES . . .

But hark! Here are some of the sounds you've made . . .

GRIPPING SUSPENSE!!!

From the very first page of WITCHES TALES, I was glued to my chair by its gripping suspense!

J.S., Chicago, Ill.

THRILLED AND CHILLED!!!

As a lover of excitement, I read your book and was thrilled and chilled by its super stories!

B.K., Bethlehem, Pa.

WOW!!!

All I can say about WITCHES TALES is WOW!

T.M., Clovis, New Mexico

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RAT-TA-TAT

WITCHES TALES, MARCH, 1951, VOL. 1, NO. 2, IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER MONTH
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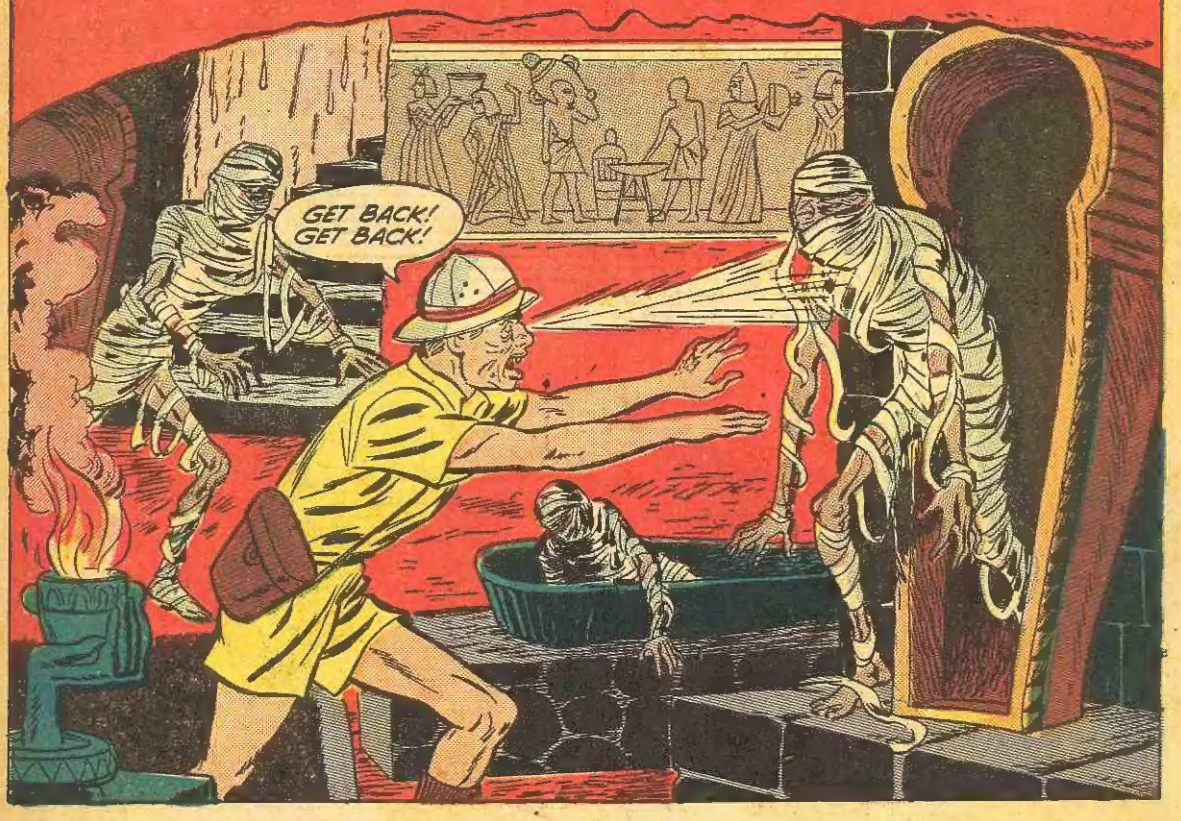
EVERYONE HAS *HEARD* AND *LAUGHED* AT THE EXPRESSION "IF LOOKS COULD *KILL*." THIS IS THE STORY OF *BOSS SQUINT*, A MAN WHO FOUND THAT HE HAD THIS *STRANGE POWER*, THE *SUPERHUMAN POWER OF...*

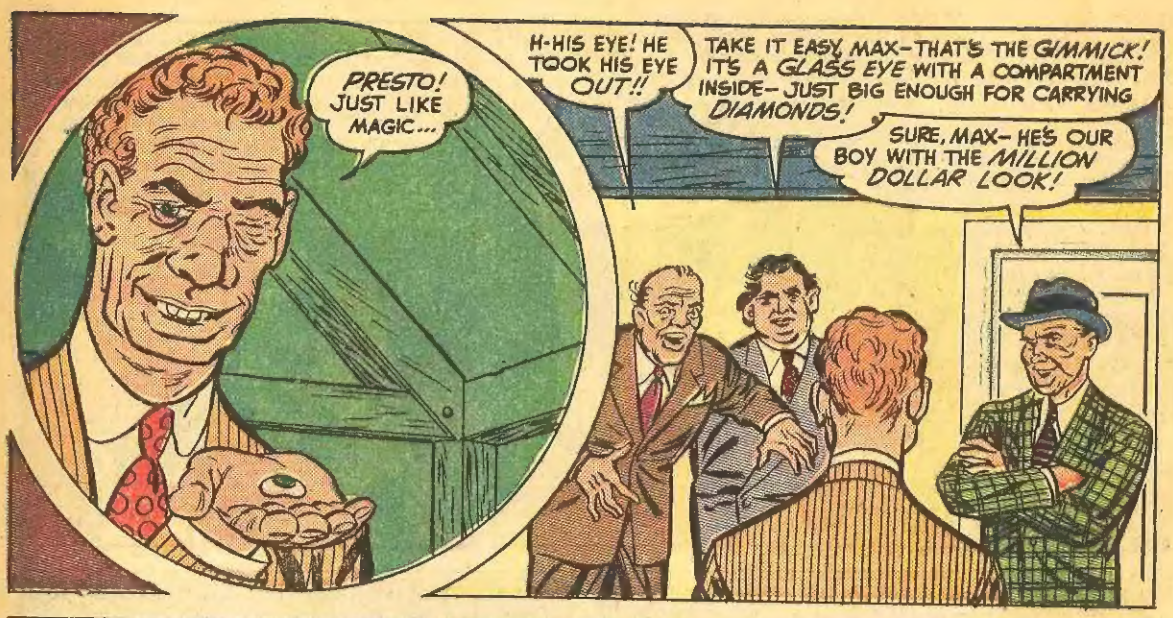
THE EVIL EYE



SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE SQUINT EVER *DREAMED* OF THE *RARE* POWER HE WOULD SOME DAY POSSESS, A MEETING TOOK PLACE IN THE *F.B.I. OFFICE* AT *WASHINGTON...*
WELL, JOHNSON, WHAT ABOUT THIS *JEWEL ROBBERY CASE? SCOTLAND YARD* WANTS A REPORT!
I'VE MANAGED TO LOCATE SOME OF THE JEWELS THAT HAVE BEEN *SMUGGLED* INTO THIS COUNTRY FROM THAT ENGLISH JOB, BUT I CAN'T GET A LEAD ON *WHO* IS BRINGING THE STUFF IN PAST OUR CUSTOMS OFFICIALS— AND *HOW* THEY DO IT!!

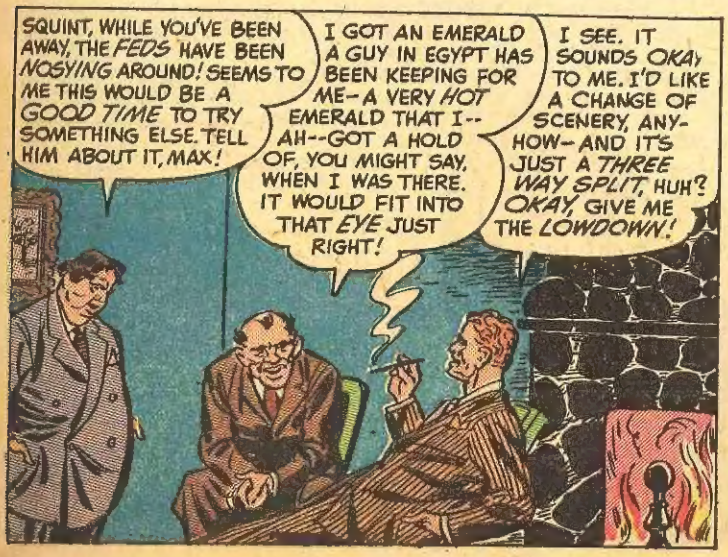
THIS MUST BE THE DOINGS OF A *CLEVER* INTERNATIONAL JEWEL GANG. THAT *HALF-MILLION DOLLAR* ROBBERY IN ENGLAND TOOK PLACE *TWO YEARS AGO!* I WANT THIS CASE *CHECKED!*
THIS THING HAS GOT ME *BEAT*, CHIEF— I KEEP RUNNING INTO *DEAD ENDS!* WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING ENTIRELY *NEW!*

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ANOTHER SMALL PORTION OF THE JEWELS IS BEING SMUGGLED ABOARD A SHIP ONLY A FEW DAYS FROM THE UNITED STATES' COAST...
WHAT A SWEET RACKET! NOTHING TO DO BUT DELIVER THE GOODS TO BIG STEVE AND BE PAID OFF! AND NOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION OF GETTING CAUGHT! TOO BAD THE WORLD DOESN'T KNOW WHAT A SLICK OPERATOR I AM!
YOU POOR SUCKER- YOU'RE ONLY WASTING YOUR TIME AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED! NOW I'VE GOT TO SPOT MY CONTACT- A MAN WITH A RED CARNATION...
RIGHT THIS WAY... PLEASE GO TO AREA SIX TO HAVE YOUR LUGGAGE CHECKED--- RIGHT THIS WAY...
YOUR LUGGAGE LOOKS ALL RIGHT, SIR. ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE DECLARED EVERYTHING YOU'RE BRINGING IN?
YEAH- YEAH, JUST HURRY IT UP, WILL YOU? DO I LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF GUY WHO WOULD DO SOMETHING ILLEGAL?
WINK
SQUINT WAS MET AT THE BOAT AND DRIVEN TO THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...
I'VE SURE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, SQUINT. BIG STEVE SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE GANG WHO CAN GET THE STUFF PAST CUSTOMS WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT! HOW DO YOU DO IT, HUH, SQUINT?
SO STEVE DIDN'T TELL YOU! WELL, HE'S RIGHT- AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WHEN WE GET TO STEVE'S!
SQUINT!! WELL, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! NO TROUBLE, EH? WE'VE BEEN RUNNING LOW ON CASH...
NAW, NO TROUBLE! YOU KNOW ME, STEVE. HIYA, FELLAS...
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT THIS TIME. NOW WATCH HIM CLOSELY, MAX!
HEY, WHAT'S HE DOING TO HIS FACE?
OKAY, STEVE. JUST A LITTLE TWIST OF THE WRIST AND...


PRESTO! JUST LIKE MAGIC...
H-HIS EYE! HE TOOK HIS EYE OUT!!
TAKE IT EASY, MAX—THAT'S THE GIMMICK! IT'S A GLASS EYE WITH A COMPARTMENT INSIDE—JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR CARRYING DIAMONDS!
SURE, MAX—HE'S OUR BOY WITH THE MILLION DOLLAR LOOK!

THERE YOU ARE, BOYS...
THEY SURE ARE PRETTY—BUT I LIKE 'EM BETTER WHEN THEY ARE TURNED INTO CASH!
AHHH—LET ME FEEL 'EM!
WELL, I'LL BE...!! BUT I WISH YOU'D PUT THAT EYE BACK IN YOUR HEAD, SQUINT. IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS...

LOOK, HOW COME YOU GOT THIS NEW GUY, MAX, INTO THE SET UP? A FOUR WAY SPLIT IS ENOUGH!
TAKE IT EASY. WAIT 'TIL THE OTHERS BLOW!


SQUINT, WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, THE FEDS HAVE BEEN NOSYING AROUND! SEEMS TO ME THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE. TELL HIM ABOUT IT, MAX!
I GOT AN EMERALD A GUY IN EGYPT HAS BEEN KEEPING FOR ME—A VERY HOT EMERALD THAT I—AH—GOT A HOLD OF, YOU MIGHT SAY, WHEN I WAS THERE. IT WOULD FIT INTO THAT EYE JUST RIGHT!
I SEE. IT SOUNDS OKAY TO ME. I'D LIKE A CHANGE OF SCENERY, ANYHOW—AND IT'S JUST A THREE WAY SPLIT, HUH? OKAY, GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN!

A FEW DAYS LATER, SQUINT WAS AGAIN ABOARD A TRANS-ATLANTIC LINER BOUND FOR EGYPT AND THE EMERALD.
I'LL BE BACK AFTER I GET A GOOD LOOK AT EVERYTHING!
SURE—BUT DON'T GET ANYTHING IN YOUR EYES! I HEAR THEY'VE GOT PLENTY OF SAND IN EGYPT—HA-HA-HA!
KEEP IN TOUCH, BOY—WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!

SQUINT DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME WHEN HE REACHED EGYPT. HE LIKED *MONEY* AND NOT SCENERY, AND WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN GETTING MAX'S *EMERALD!* THAT IS UNTIL...

NOW LET'S SEE, HERE'S THE ADDRESS I NEED-- DARNED PLACES DON'T HAVE *ANY* NUMBERS ON "EM... HUH! WHAT? GET AWAY! QUIT *FOLLOWING* ME...

SIRE... SIRE, YOU NEED GOOD GUIDE? ME, *SACHI*... I CAN SHOW YOU *SECRETS*... SECRETS OF *EGYPT*... JUST A FEW PENNIES, SIRE...

ONLY A FEW PENNIES... COME- I WILL SHOW YOU A *MYSTERY* OF WHICH MY PEOPLE *FEAR* TO SPEAK... IF I DID NOT NEED THE MONEY, I WOULD *NEVER* SHOW YOU IT!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL KEEP ON *BOTHERING* ME. I COULD USE SOME RELAXATION ANYWAY. OKAY, YOU BUZZARD'S BAIT, LEAD ON. THE EMERALD CAN KEEP ANOTHER DAY!

THEY LEFT THE LITTLE TOWN AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT, AND FOR AN HOUR THE TWO RODE ACROSS THE *TRACKLESS WASTES* OF *BARREN LAND*. ONLY THE *SCRATCHY* VOICE OF THE GUIDE AND THE *WHINE* OF THE LONESOME DESERT WIND BROKE THE *SILENCE*.

OKAY, SO IT'S A *PYRAMID*- NOW WHAT?

COME, *TONIGHT* IS THE ANCIENT RITUAL! YOU WILL SEE WHAT NO WHITE MEN HAVE EVER SEEN. THE *DEAD* WILL *WALK!*

EVEN THE AIR SEEMED *DEAD* IN THE ANCIENT TOMB, AND IT WAS SO MUSTY AND DANK THAT THE TORCH HAD TO *FIGHT* TO KEEP *ALIVE!* THEY WENT DOWN... DOWN... DOWN INTO WHAT SEEMED TO BE THE *BLACK CORE* OF THE EARTH, WHEN...

HUH, *WHAT* WAS THAT?

IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE CEREMONY OF THE *DEAD! HURRY*, OR WE'LL MISS IT!

BONG

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SHH!! QUIET! IT IS *FORBIDDEN* TO BE HERE. DISCOVERY MEANS *DEATH! LOOK!*

OH, ALL POWERFUL *GODS*, I HAVE BURNED THE *SACRED POWDER*. I ASK YOU TO LET THE *ANCIENT DEAD* WALK AGAIN ON THIS ONE NIGHT OF THE YEAR! OH, HEAR ME, OH, HEAR ME...

WITH SOUNDS *TEMPERED* BY THE CENTURIES, THE OLD MUMMY CASKS *OPEN* AS THE SHARP SMELL OF THE POWDER'S FUMES SEEPS INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE ROOM AND INTO THE NOSTRILS OF THE *MUMMIES*.

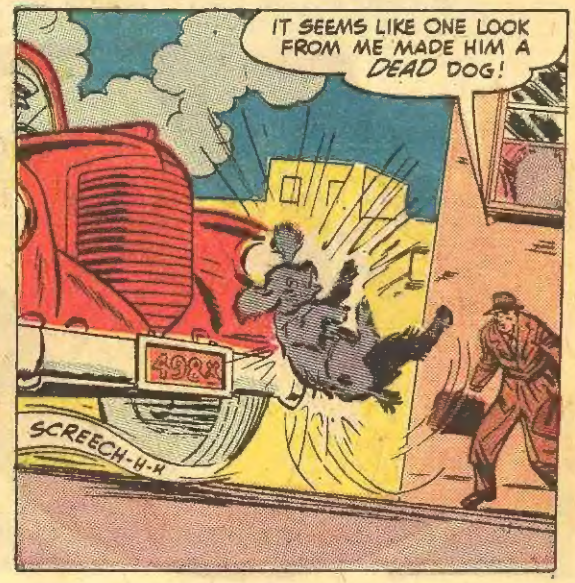
LOOK! TH-THEY'RE COMING TO *LIFE!* IT'S THAT POWDER- I'M GOING TO GET SOME...

NO- THEY WILL *TEAR* YOU TO PIECES!

SILENTLY, SLOWLY, SQUINT SLITHERED TO THE ALTAR, DETERMINED TO POSSESS THE MYSTERIOUS POWDER THAT COULD GIVE LIFE TO THE DEAD, WONDERING IF HE HAD THE SECRET TO EVERLASTING LIFE...
ANCIENT KINGS...WHAT TROUBLES YOU? OH- AN INTRUDER! AFTER HIM... KILL HIM!!
THEY SEE ME!
ARGHH!
C'MON- WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... THEY'VE SPOTTED US...
I- C-CANNOT G-GO F-FASTER! I--I AM D-DOOMED!!
BELOW, THE PONDEROUS STEPS OF THE ANCIENT, DEAD KINGS RELENTLESSLY FOLLOW THE TWO MEN UP THE NEVER ENDING STAIRCASE, UNTIL...
OH, THEY GOT HIM! I'LL BE NEXT...
AI-EEEE
IN A LAST MOMENT OF DESPERATION, SQUINT THROWS ONE OF THE PRECIOUS VIALS OF POWDER AT THE ONRUSHING MUMMIES AND...
BAL-OOM
WHAT A BREAK! THIS STUFF IS LIKE T.N.T.!! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE...
WITHOUT STOPPING AND WITHOUT LOOKING BEHIND HIM, SQUINT RAN ALL THE WAY TO HIS HOTEL ROOM, PUTTING AS MUCH SPACE BETWEEN HIM AND THE SCENE OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR AS HE COULD!! BUT IT WAS NOT ENOUGH...
I--I--(PUFF-PUFF) GOT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE... (GASP) T-TOO DANGEROUS- MIGHT COME AFTER ME HERE- (PUFF)...TAKE BOAT, TONIGHT...

WHEW! AM I GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF THAT PLACE! IF MAX WANTS THAT EMERALD HE CAN GO BACK AFTER IT HIMSELF! AS FOR THE POWDER I STOLE- NO ONE IS GOING TO GET THAT!! NOT WHILE I'VE GOT IT HIDDEN IN MY GLASS EYE!
SO SQUINT CAME HOME, KEEPING TO HIS CABIN THE WHOLE TRIP, STILL SHAKEN FROM HIS FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE! ONCE AT HOME, IT ALL SEEMED LIKE A NIGHTMARE. BUT, LITTLE DID HE KNOW THE SECRET POWER HE POSSESSED UNTIL THE NIGHT ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE SHIP...
SURE GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN... WONDER HOW MUCH I SHOULD TELL MAX AND STEVE...
HEY, GET AWAY, YOU MUTT! G'WAN, BEAT IT...
GR-R-RRR

I HEARD IF YOU LOOK 'EM IN THE EYE, SHOW 'EM YOU'RE NOT AFRAID, DOGS LEAVE YOU ALONE... GEE, MY EYE, IT FEELS SO FUNNY- KIND OF WARM...? WELL, LOOK AT THAT...
YI-YI-YI-YI-YI.


IT SEEMS LIKE ONE LOOK FROM ME MADE HIM A DEAD DOG!
498X
SCREECH-H-H

POOR OLD FELLER... GUESS HE'S DONE FOR...
SEEMED TO BE RUNNING FROM SOMEBODY... OR SOMETHING...
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY- DOWN THIS NEXT ALLEY, AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU!
WHY, MAX, I... I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL YOU...

I HAD A HUNCH YOU MIGHT TRY TO COME BACK SOONER THAN YOU SAID, AND KEEP THE EMERALD YOURSELF! OKAY, SQUINT, UNSCREW THAT PHONEY EYE BEFORE I PUT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD AND GET IT THE HARD WAY!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MAX- YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG...

SQUINT KNOWS THAT *DEATH* IS VERY CLOSE, AND THE *COLD MUZZLE* OF THE GUN FEELS LIKE ONE OF *DEATH'S ICY FINGERS!* MAX WILL *NEVER* BELIEVE HIS STORY AND SO...

MAYBE IF I JUST *GLARE* AT HIM... LIKE THE DOG! MY *EYE*... IT'S GETTING *WARM*...
C'MON, QUIT STALLING... WH-WHY ARE YOU *L-LOOKING* AT ME LIKE THAT...?
HEY, MIKE-LOOK! THERE'S A GUY BEING HELD UP!
P.D.

LUCKY WE CAME ALONG JUST THEN. *SOMETHING* TOLD ME TO CRUISE PAST THIS PART OF TOWN... EVER SEE THIS GUY BEFORE?
NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM! HE WANTED MY MONEY... *THREATENED* ME...

LATER... IT *CAN'T* BE JUST LUCK... THERE MUST BE A POWER IN THAT POWDER THAT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT... A SECRET BEYOND MODERN KNOWLEDGE! I HAVE THE LOOKS THAT *KILL*-HA-HA AND WITH IT, I CAN CONTROL ANY MOB--I CAN BE *BOSS* SQUINT!
KNOCK
KNOCK

BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING, STEVE- I *WARN* YOU, YOU BETTER LISTEN TO ME! I CAN *KILL* YOU WITHOUT RAISING A HAND!
LISTEN, YOU *RAT*, IF YOU DON'T HAVE THAT EMERALD, YOU BETTER TALK FAST!

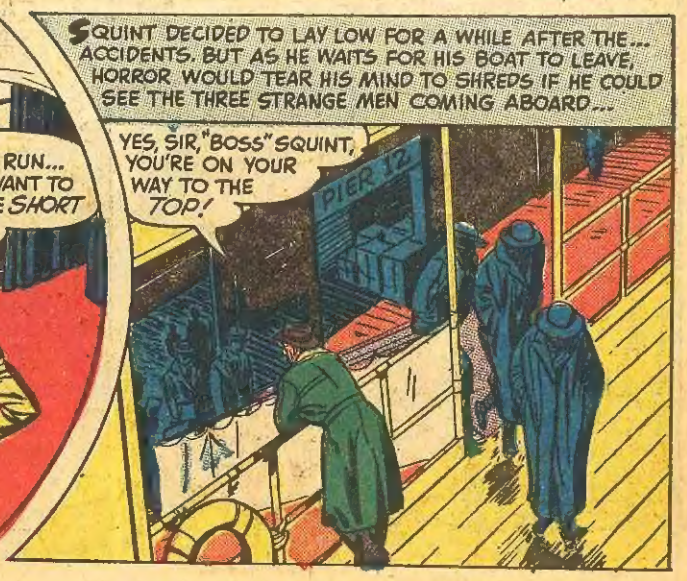
FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR, SQUINT TELLS OF HIS INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE, WHILE BIG STEVE SMIRKS AND SMILES, TOYING WITH THE TRIGGER THAT WOULD SEND SQUINT INTO OBLIVION... UNTIL, FINALLY-
HA-HA-HA-HO-HO-HO-HAA-HA! WALKING MUMMIES- POWDERS- HO-HO--SQUINT (GASP) YOU-- YOU'RE KILLING ME-- HA-HA-HA--
WHAT'S THIS GUY TRYIN' TO HAND US?
IF THIS IS AN ACT, HE SEEMS PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT IT! MAYBE IT DID HAPPEN!

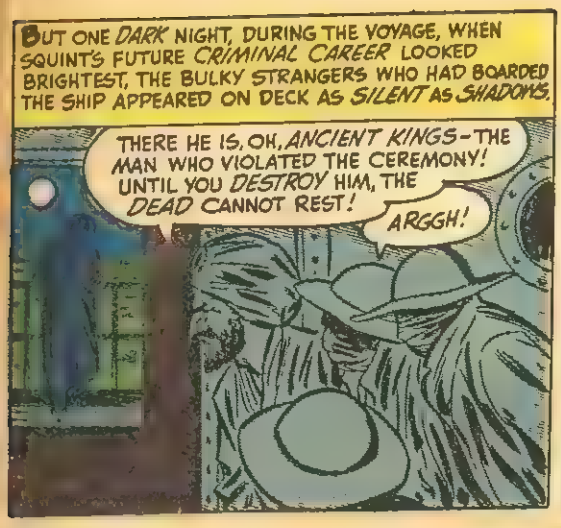
OKAY, WISE GUY, THE GAG'S OVER! HAND OVER THAT EYE... SQUINT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU... STOP STARING AT ME- I SAID HAND OVER...
LAUGH AT ME, WILL YOU?... YOU ASKED FOR IT...

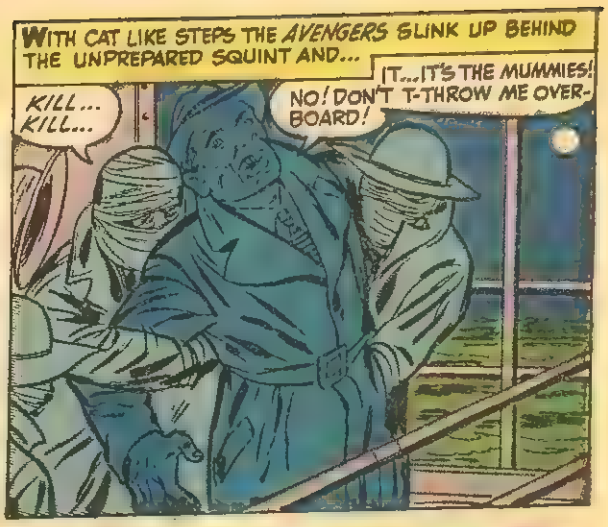
WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW, FAT BOY?
BLIND!! I CAN'T SEE... I CAN'T SEE! HE MADE ME BLIND!
BOSS... WATCH OUT!

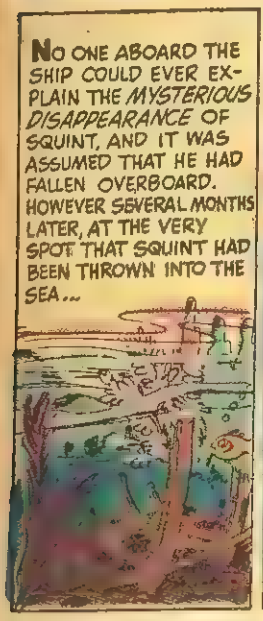
CRASH!
CAN'T SEE...!

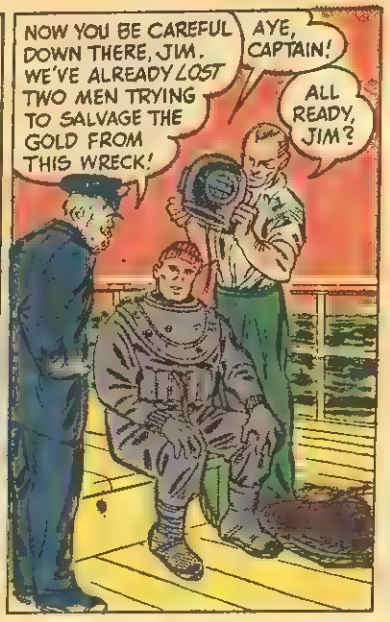
YEO-W-W-O-OO
YOU BETTER RUN... UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO DOWN THE SHORT WAY!!
OUT OF MY WAY!


SQUINT DECIDED TO LAY LOW FOR A WHILE AFTER THE... ACCIDENTS. BUT AS HE WAITS FOR HIS BOAT TO LEAVE, HORROR WOULD TEAR HIS MIND TO SHREDS IF HE COULD SEE THE THREE STRANGE MEN COMING ABOARD...
YES, SIR, "BOSS" SQUINT, YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THE TOP!
PIER 12

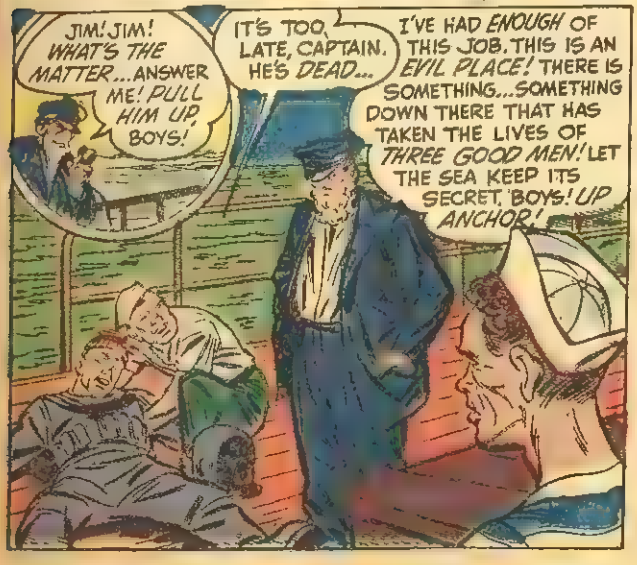

BUT ONE DARK NIGHT, DURING THE VOYAGE, WHEN SQUINT'S FUTURE CRIMINAL CAREER LOOKED BRIGHTEST, THE BULKY STRANGERS WHO HAD BOARDED THE SHIP APPEARED ON DECK AS SILENT AS SHADOWS.
THERE HE IS, OH, ANCIENT KINGS - THE MAN WHO VIOLATED THE CEREMONY! UNTIL YOU DESTROY HIM, THE DEAD CANNOT REST!
ARGGH!


WITH CAT LIKE STEPS THE AVENGERS SLINK UP BEHIND THE UNPREPARED SQUINT AND...
KILL... KILL...
IT...IT'S THE MUMMIES!
NO! DON'T T-THROW ME OVER-BOARD!


NO ONE ABOARD THE SHIP COULD EVER EXPLAIN THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF SQUINT, AND IT WAS ASSUMED THAT HE HAD FALLEN OVERBOARD. HOWEVER SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, AT THE VERY SPOT THAT SQUINT HAD BEEN THROWN INTO THE SEA...


NOW YOU BE CAREFUL DOWN THERE, JIM. WE'VE ALREADY LOST TWO MEN TRYING TO SALVAGE THE GOLD FROM THIS WRECK!
AYE, CAPTAIN!
ALL READY, JIM?

SOMETHING FUNNY DOWN HERE, CAPTAIN...SOMETHING SHINING OVER THERE NEAR THE WRECK... IT LOOKS LIKE AN EYE... STARING AT ME...OH...AIR... URGH- LINES TANG--LED...


JIM! JIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER...ANSWER ME! PULL HIM UP, BOYS!
IT'S TOO LATE, CAPTAIN. HE'S DEAD...
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JOB. THIS IS AN EVIL PLACE! THERE IS SOMETHING...SOMETHING DOWN THERE THAT HAS TAKEN THE LIVES OF THREE GOOD MEN! LET THE SEA KEEP ITS SECRET, BOYS! UP ANCHOR!

AND WHILE THE SALVAGE SHIP DISAPPEARS OVER THE HORIZON, THE EVIL REMAINS OF SQUINT KEEP A LONELY VIGIL BY THE OLD WRECK WHERE HE DROWNED! AND THE EVIL EYE IS ONLY A CURIOSITY TO THE STRANGE ANIMALS THAT LIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...

PHANTOMS IN THE FLAMES

IN THE COLD BLACKNESS OF AN AFRICAN NIGHT, WHILE THE TROPICAL STARS MOCKED THEIR PURSUIT FROM ABOVE, A TRADER, JONATHAN PIERCE, AND HIS BOY SERVANT, SABI, CHASED A FIRE AND A GROUP OF NATIVES FOR MILES AND MILES...

ALL WE WANT TO DO IS REST AND GET WARM BY THAT FIRE YET EVERY TIME WE COME CLOSE TO IT, THE BLASTED THING AND THOSE NATIVES DRAW AWAY. HOW?

NEVER HAVE I BEEN FOOLED BY FIRES IN THE NIGHT. EVIL KEEPS HIGH THOSE FLAMES!

AS THE MORNING SUN'S RAYS BATHED THE VALLEY IN GOLDEN LIGHT, PIERCE DECIDED TO GO DOWN INTO THE VALLEY. SABI, WHO FEARED FOR HIS MASTER'S SAFETY, TRIED TO STOP HIM. BUT IN THE STRUGGLE...

I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! OUT OF MY WAY, SABI! I... OH, NO!! SABI, SABI WHAT HAVE I DONE?

DO NOT ENDANGER YOUR LIFE, MASTER. LOOK, THE FIRE HAS DISAPPEARED. I WILL NOT ALLOW... NO... HELP... AHHHHHH!!!

NEIGH! NEIGH!

JONATHAN RAN FROM THE TERRIBLE SCENE ALL DAY AS THE BLAZING JUNGLE SKY CAST DOWN ITS WICKED HEAT UPON HIM. WHEN NIGHT CAME...
HE HAS SEEN THE NIGHT PEOPLE!!
HELP ME... SAW FIRES THAT WALKED... KILLED SERVANT... LOST... SUN... HOT... WATER...
JONATHAN PIERCE WAS CARRIED TO THE CHIEF'S HUT AND TREATED. THERE, HIS SCALP BEGAN TO CURL AS THE CHIEF TOLD HIM THE STORY OF THE ABOLIS, THE PHANTOMS IN THE FLAMES!
TWENTY YEARS AGO, A CRUEL, SELFISH WHITE MAN, GENERAL LEECH CAME HERE. HE HAD A GREAT HOUSE WITH A STOCKADE AROUND IT BUILT IN THIS JUNGLE. OUR STORY BEGINS WHEN...
THE ABOLIS HAVE RETURNED!
"THE ABOLIS TRIBE, THE PEOPLE WHO WERE DOING THE WORK FOR GENERAL LEECH, COMPLETED THEIR TASK. ONE OF LEECH'S MEN HAD COME TO HIM.."
GENERAL, THEM NATIVES IS OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE AND THEY WANT THE MONEY YOU PROMISED THEM AFTER THEY DID THE WORK!
PROMISED? THE HOUSE IS DONE AND THAT IS ALL I CARE ABOUT. YOU AND LITTLE BOY DRIVE THEM AWAY, AND IF THEY DON'T WANT TO GO...
"LATER-"
WE TOLD THEM TO PULL OUT BUT THEY WOULDN'T GO AND SOME OF 'EM ARE TRYING TO CLIMB THE STOCKADE'S WALLS, GENERAL!
SO, WHY DO YOU TELL ME, YOU IDIOT. KILL THEM! FOLLOW ME! HOW DARE THOSE DEVILS DEFY ME!
"THE ABOLIS WERE A PROUD AND FIERCE PEOPLE AND WOULD NOT BE DENIED WHAT WAS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS BY AGREEMENT THEY ATTACKED.
HOT LEAD FOR YOU DEVILS!!
ARRGH!
UGH!
AIYEE!
AH! WHAT A SORRY NECK!

"YES, THE *SLAUGHTER* OF THE *ABOLIS* WAS TERRIBLE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE JUNGLE SUDDENLY KNEW WHAT KIND OF MAN *LEECH* WAS. BUT, EVEN THEN, WE DID NOT KNOW THE *POWER* OF HIS *EVIL*..."

AH, THIS IS *PERFECT*! HERE, IN THE HEART OF *AFRICA*, I CAN CONTINUE MY WORK. THE DAY WILL COME WHEN EITHER A MAN *OBEYS* ME OR BECOMES AS *FLESHLESS* AS THIS *SKULL*.

"SOME TIME LATER, AS THE GENERAL INSPECTED HIS LAND..."

WHAT THE...WHOA, BOY... WH... AHHHH!

IT...IT'S *QUICKSAND*!! *SAVE* ME! I...I'LL GIVE YOU *ANYTHING*. OH, I...I CAN'T REACH THAT VINE!

LET THE QUICKSAND *SUCK* YOU DOWN TO THE *BLACK BOWELS* OF THE EARTH!! THERE YOU WILL *ROT* CURSED BY ALL, *MURDERER* OF OUR PEOPLE!!!

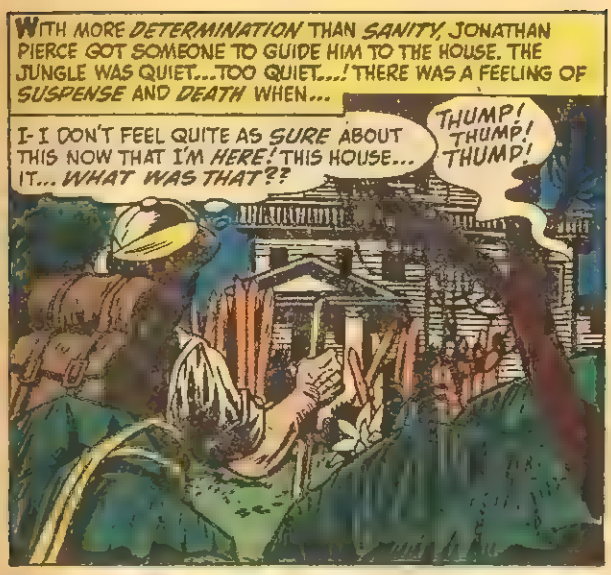
SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ME! *NO!* I'LL COME BACK FROM THE DEAD! MY HOUSE WILL FOREVER BE *GUARDED*!! AND EVERY LAST *ABOLIS* MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WILL BE *FORCED* TO ROAM THE EARTH AND *FLEE* WHENEVER A WHITE MAN APPEARS. YOU WILL *NEVER* KNOW THE *PEACE OF DEATH*!!

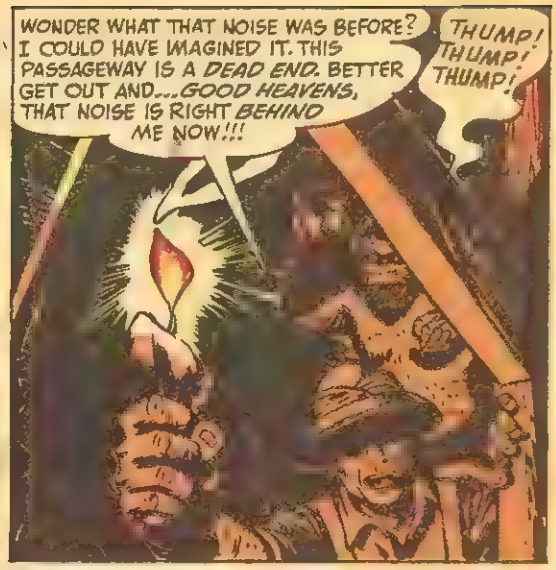
"AND, SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE *RAVING LEECH* WAS DRAGGED UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE SAND AS IF SOME *GIANT HAND* HAD HOLD OF HIS LEGS AND WAS *PULLING* HIM *DOWN... DOWN...*"

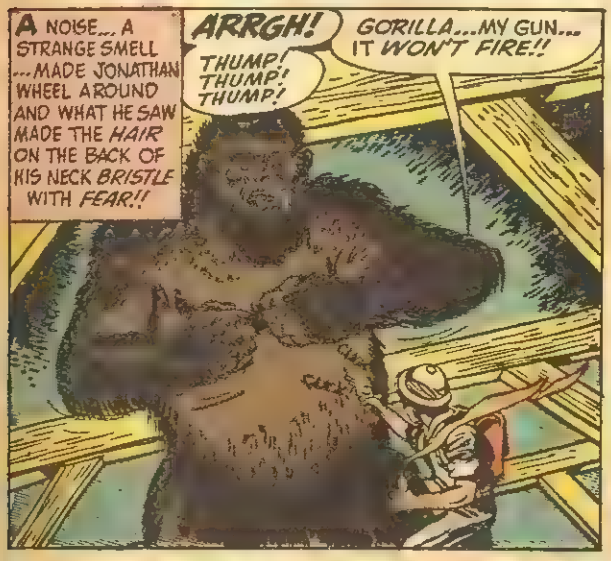
THE STORY ENDS BUT THE *CURSE* CONTINUES. FROM TIME TO TIME THE ABOLIS ARE SEEN AROUND THEIR FIRE. THE JUNGLE PEOPLE HAVE ALSO HEARD STRANGE NOISES FROM THE DESERTED GENERAL'S HOUSE BUT NO ONE *DARES* GO NEAR IT. BUT...

I'VE *JUST GOT* TO SEE THAT HOUSE! AFTER I GET STRONGER, *I WANT TO BE SHOWN WHERE THE PLACE IS!*

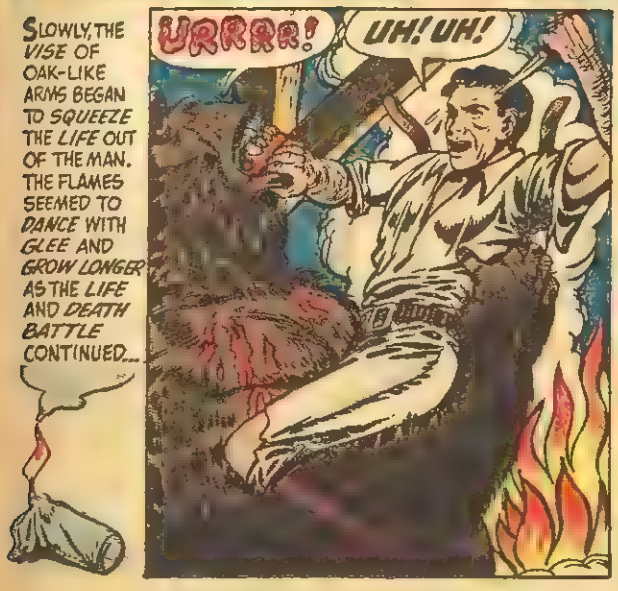
THE ABOLIS HAVE RETURNED!!!


WITH MORE DETERMINATION THAN SANITY, JONATHAN PIERCE GOT SOMEONE TO GUIDE HIM TO THE HOUSE. THE JUNGLE WAS QUIET...TOO QUIET...! THERE WAS A FEELING OF SUSPENSE AND DEATH WHEN...
I-I DON'T FEEL QUITE AS SURE ABOUT THIS NOW THAT I'M HERE! THIS HOUSE... IT... WHAT WAS THAT??
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!


WONDER WHAT THAT NOISE WAS BEFORE? I COULD HAVE IMAGINED IT. THIS PASSAGEWAY IS A DEAD END. BETTER GET OUT AND...GOOD HEAVENS, THAT NOISE IS RIGHT BEHIND ME NOW!!!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!


A NOISE... A STRANGE SMELL ...MADE JONATHAN WHEEL AROUND AND WHAT HE SAW MADE THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK BRISTLE WITH FEAR!!
ARRGH!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
GORILLA...MY GUN... IT WON'T FIRE!!

WITH STEPS THAT THUNDERED IN THE SMALL PASSAGE-WAY, THE HUGE MONSTER OF THE JUNGLE ADVANCED. IT BEING THE THING LEECH HAD LEFT TO GUARD HIS HOUSE!!
MY LIFE...MUST FIGHT...KNIFE... GET OUT THE KNIFE, QUICK! OH, THE CANDLE!


SLOWLY, THE VISE OF OAK-LIKE ARMS BEGAN TO SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF THE MAN. THE FLAMES SEEMED TO DANCE WITH GLEE AND GROW LONGER AS THE LIFE AND DEATH BATTLE CONTINUED...
URRRR!
UH! UH!

IT...IS...GETTING...SO...DARK! I...I...URGH... ARRRGH!

With the desperation of a man *forced* to fight for his life, Jonathan *lashed* out with a *supreme effort* and buried his knife *deep* into the *brain* of the *monster*. The gorilla *shuddered*, and then *fell*...

It's *dead*...and...

And I'm *still alive*!! But I *must* get away...*the fire*!

Using what strength he had left, the badly wounded trader dragged himself out of the *horrible passageway* just in time, for, as he stumbled out, the *fingers* of *fire* joined across the opening in a *band of death*!

Weak from loss of *blood* and the terrible strain of the *battle*, the now delirious Jonathan wanders further and further away from the general's house which comes crashing down as the fire eats away its foundations.

Blacking out... can't go on...

And as the blackness of unconsciousness closed in, men as *silent as shadows*, slipped from the jungle and...

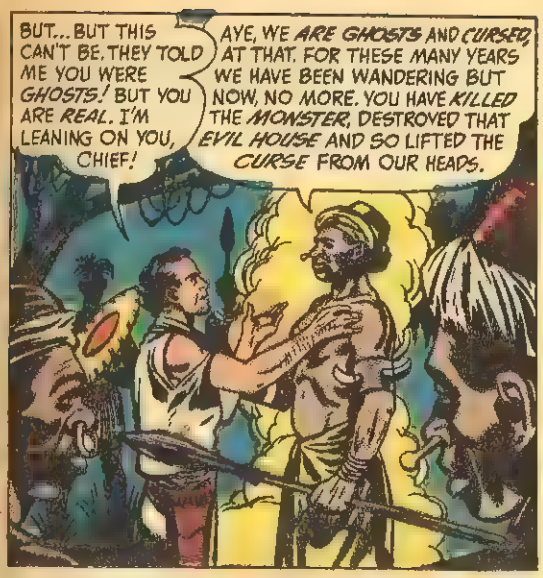
Fight... fire... must get away...

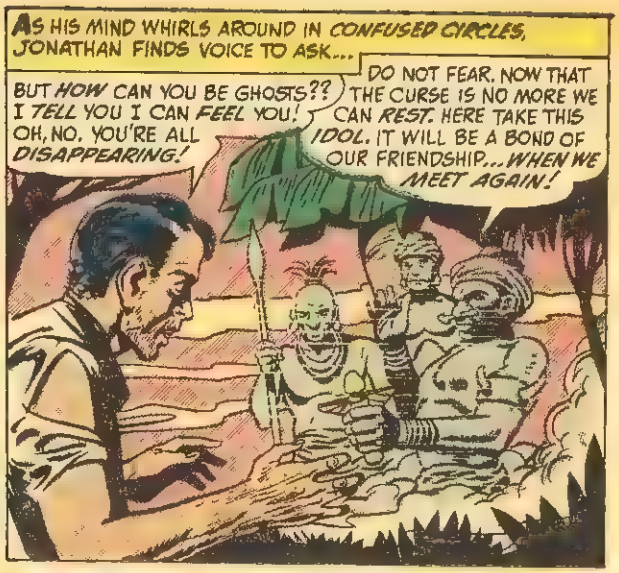
Hurry. He is close to *death*!

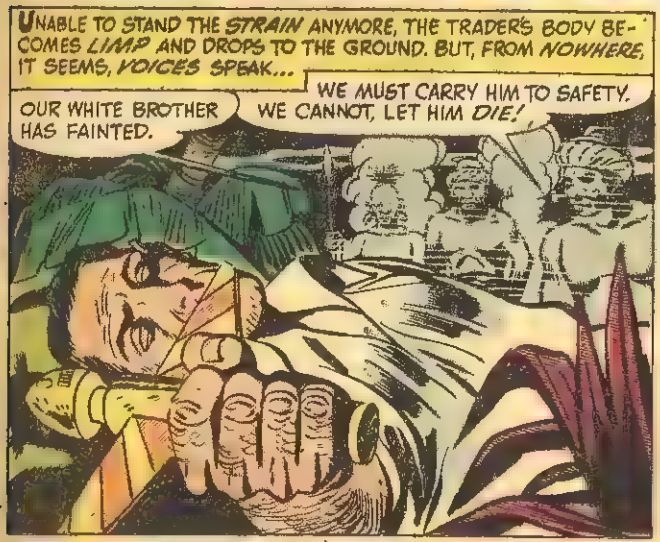
For many long hours the *strange, quiet* men carried Jonathan Pierce. They seemed to know the jungle like the *animals*. Then, as the trees *suddenly* parted, the *phantom fire* was seen!!!

Oh, my head ...where where am I??

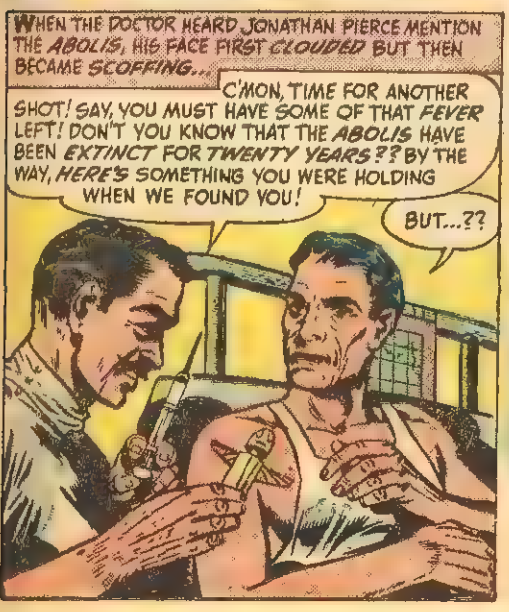
You are among the *abolis*!! I am *chief adul*. *These* are my *people* who walked the earth in *misery* just as you did when we found you. All of us know of your *fight*.


BUT... BUT THIS CAN'T BE. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE GHOSTS! BUT YOU ARE REAL. I'M LEANING ON YOU, CHIEF!
AYE, WE ARE GHOSTS AND CURSED, AT THAT. FOR THESE MANY YEARS WE HAVE BEEN WANDERING BUT NOW, NO MORE. YOU HAVE KILLED THE MONSTER, DESTROYED THAT EVIL HOUSE AND SO LIFTED THE CURSE FROM OUR HEADS.


AS HIS MIND WHIRLS AROUND IN CONFUSED CIRCLES, JONATHAN FINDS VOICE TO ASK...
BUT HOW CAN YOU BE GHOSTS?? I TELL YOU I CAN FEEL YOU! OH, NO, YOU'RE ALL DISAPPEARING!
DO NOT FEAR. NOW THAT THE CURSE IS NO MORE WE CAN REST. HERE TAKE THIS IDOL. IT WILL BE A BOND OF OUR FRIENDSHIP... WHEN WE MEET AGAIN!


UNABLE TO STAND THE STRAIN ANYMORE, THE TRADER'S BODY BECOMES LIMP AND DROPS TO THE GROUND. BUT, FROM NOWHERE, IT SEEMS, VOICES SPEAK...
OUR WHITE BROTHER HAS FAINTED.
WE MUST CARRY HIM TO SAFETY. WE CANNOT LET HIM DIE!

LATER...
NOW, TAKE IT EASY... YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL DAYS... YOU MUST HAVE HAD A ROUGH TIME!!
SOMEBODY BROUGHT YOU TO THE HOSPITAL'S FRONT LAWN AND LEFT YOU THERE. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FRIENDS OF YOURS!
FRIENDS?? WAS IT... OF COURSE, THE ABOLIS!!


WHEN THE DOCTOR HEARD JONATHAN PIERCE MENTION THE ABOLIS, HIS FACE FIRST CLOUDED BUT THEN BECAME SCOFFING...
C'MON, TIME FOR ANOTHER SHOT! SAY, YOU MUST HAVE SOME OF THAT FEVER LEFT! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE ABOLIS HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR TWENTY YEARS?? BY THE WAY, HERE'S SOMETHING YOU WERE HOLDING WHEN WE FOUND YOU!
BUT...??

AS THE DOCTOR LEAVES, SMILING AND SHAKING HIS HEAD, JONATHAN PIERCE LOOKS AT WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD GIVEN HIM.

FEVER, IS IT? THE FOOL. HERE IS THE ABOLIS IDOL. I DID SEE THE ABOLIS AND AS THE CHIEF SAID, "IT WILL BE A BOND OF OUR FRIENDSHIP... WHEN WE MEET AGAIN!!!"

WITCHCRAFT ON THE HIGH SEAS

In New England, where it is said the persecuted witches went when things got too hot for them in the old world, there lived a woman weaver who was a witch.

As the light of each day melted into the purple of the night, she would just sit, bending over her loom, silent, and not doing a thing. Then, as if the Devil rose up before her, she would start working as busily as corn in a cornpopper.

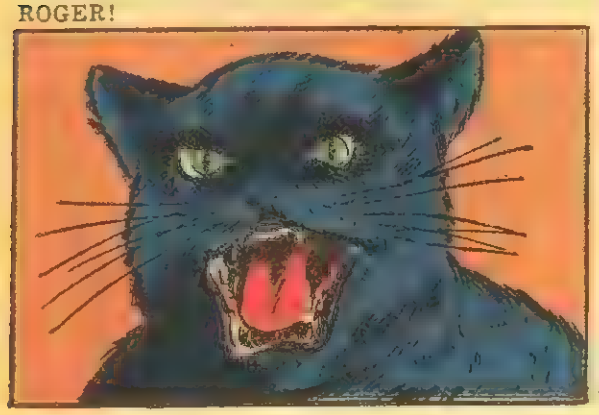
Many was the time that the witch's keyhole had an eye pressed close to it, to marvel and fear at the strange cloth that she was making. The cloth resembled a flag whose background was black!

The witch never ate with the family that employed her and not once did she ask for anything. It is said that the town mayor, on making a keyhole investigation, saw a hornet buzz out of her mouth. The minister laughed at this and said it was nonsense but, at that very hour, a farmer was thrown from his horse. The farmer later claimed a hornet bit his animal which reared and threw him!

One day, a careless servant started a fire in the farmhouse where the witch lived and soon the flames were reaching for the heavens. The witch managed to get out safely, walking right through the flames. As the ashes of the house mounted in the fire, the witch gave out a terrible shriek and ran back into the burning house to save her cat whom she had forgotten. Just after she entered the blazing structure, the weakened timbers let out a warning groan and collapsed!

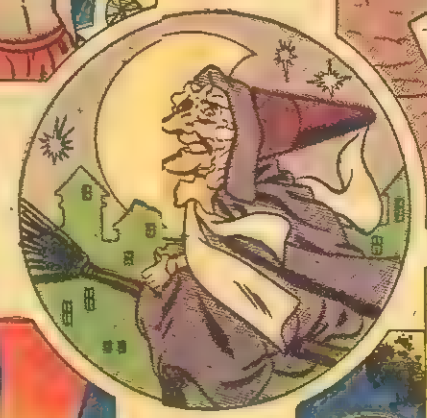
When, finally, but a few sputtering embers remained, the men of the town poked in the ruins for the witch and her cat. Neither was found. But, something else was found . . . the witch's loom. The work on it was complete. The men cringed back in fright as they saw the strange design the witch had been weaving. Born in the raging flames, it was a mark of horror sewn white on a black cloth. It was a mark which would strike terror in the hearts of men for many years to come.

It was the skull and bones emblem . . . the JOLLY ROGER!

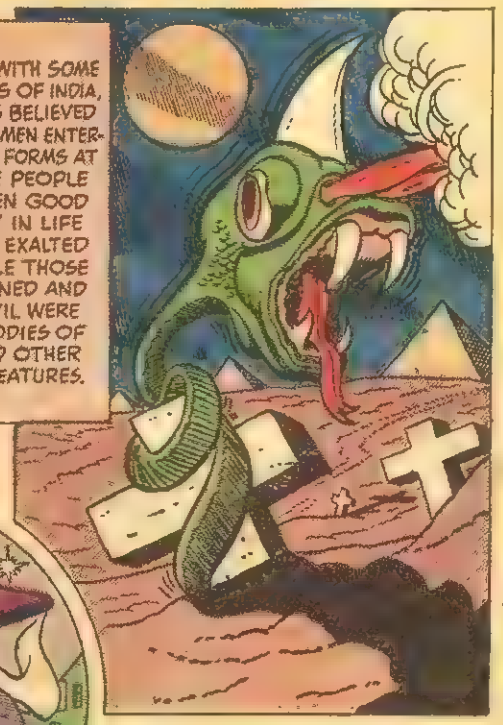


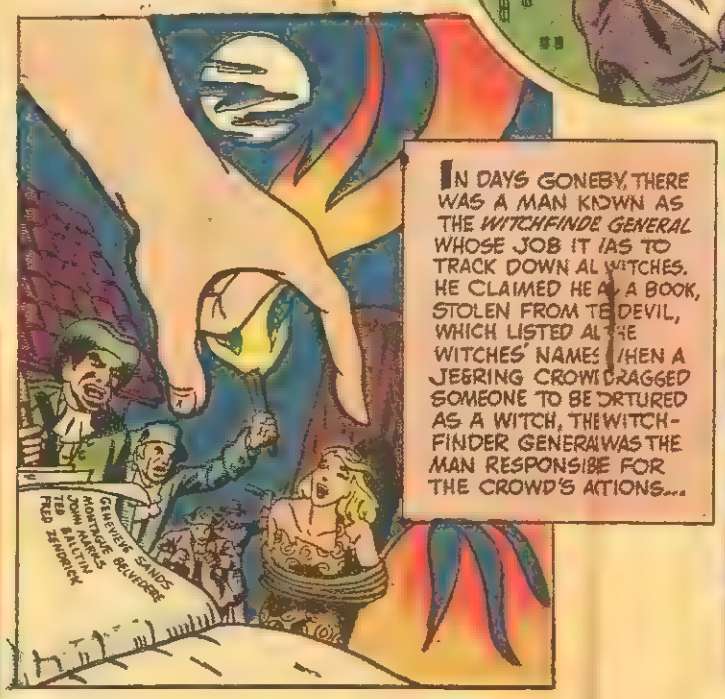
Strange Superstitions

MANY SAVAGES, THE WORLD OVER, BELIEVE THAT WHEN A PERSON DIES HIS OR HER NAME SHOULD NEVER BE MENTIONED ALOUD AGAIN. SUPPOSEDLY, IF THE GHOST HEARD HIS NAME, HE WOULD THINK HIS RELATIVES WERE NOT PROPERLY GRIEVING FOR HIM AND HE WOULD RETURN TO HAUNT THEM!



IN COMMON WITH SOME OF THE CULTS OF INDIA, THE EGYPTIANS BELIEVED THE SOULS OF MEN ENTERED DIFFERENT FORMS AT DEATH. THOSE PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN GOOD AND WORTHY IN LIFE WERE GIVEN EXALTED BODIES, WHILE THOSE WHO HAD SINNED AND PREFERRED EVIL WERE GIVEN THE BODIES OF REPTILES AND OTHER HORRIBLE CREATURES.





IN DAYS GONEBY, THERE WAS A MAN KNOWN AS THE *WITCHFINDE GENERAL* WHOSE JOB IT WAS TO TRACK DOWN ALL WITCHES. HE CLAIMED HE HAD A BOOK, STOLEN FROM THE DEVIL, WHICH LISTED ALL THE WITCHES' NAMES. WHEN A JEERING CROWD DRAGGED SOMEONE TO BE TORTURED AS A WITCH, THE WITCH-FINDER GENERAL WAS THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CROWD'S ACTIONS...

THE WEREWOLF HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE IN WORLD HISTORY AND LEGEND BUT ANOTHER SUCH CREATURE IS FAST GROWING IN THE IMAGINATIONS OF MEN—THE *WEREFOX*... THE WEREFOX IS A WOMAN WHO HAS ASSUMED THE SHAPE OF A FOX...

THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF

Tobey, the gnarled, old cobbler, was hurrying home, his thin shoulders huddled around his stooped head. The night was very cold. Then, as he turned a corner, Tobey was smashed off his feet by the wild attack of an animal!

"It's such a nice morning and we have to be out here investigating a murder." Constable Hawkins wasn't too happy as he knealt before the lifeless form of the old cobbler whose neck had been ripped open by the fangs of a mad demon. Inspector Galt peered at the body, not heedful of his assistant's complaint.

"It's murder, all right! What monster could have... hello, what's this?" The inspector pried open Tobey's fist which was clasped in a death grip. "It looks as if Tobey gave whatever murdered him a little fight. He tore this cloth from the killer's clothes. I . . ."

"Inspector, come quick! Tim Gallagher says he knows who the murderer is!" Inspector Galt straightened up and faced the man who was standing breathless in front of him. "Hawkins, stay here. I'll check this!"

"Yes, sir. I saw Mrs. Cregar running down the street last night and her clothes were ripped and bloody." The inspector had to call for order. The assembled crowd, upon hearing Tim Gallagher's words, began to shout and mumble that Mrs. Cregar was a witch who could change into an animal! This belief had existed ever since the widow's husband was murdered—his neck slit from ear to ear! Calling for two witnesses, Inspector Galt went to the widow's house.

* *

"Mrs. Cregar," the judge said, "upon entering your house, the inspector and two witnesses found you wounded and your clothes bloody. You have no alibi. This, together with your past actions, forces the court to find you guilty of Tobey's murder and to sentence you to death by burning at the stake as a witch!"

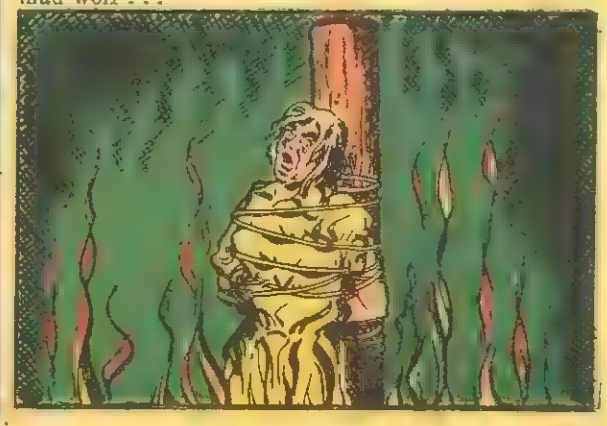
On the night the execution was to take place, the moon was full just as it had been when Tobey was murdered. "Apply the torch!" ordered the mayor. The flames began to lick up the post. And, as they did, the moon passed from behind some clouds.

"Arrgh . . . arrgh . . . rrr . . . grrrr . . ."

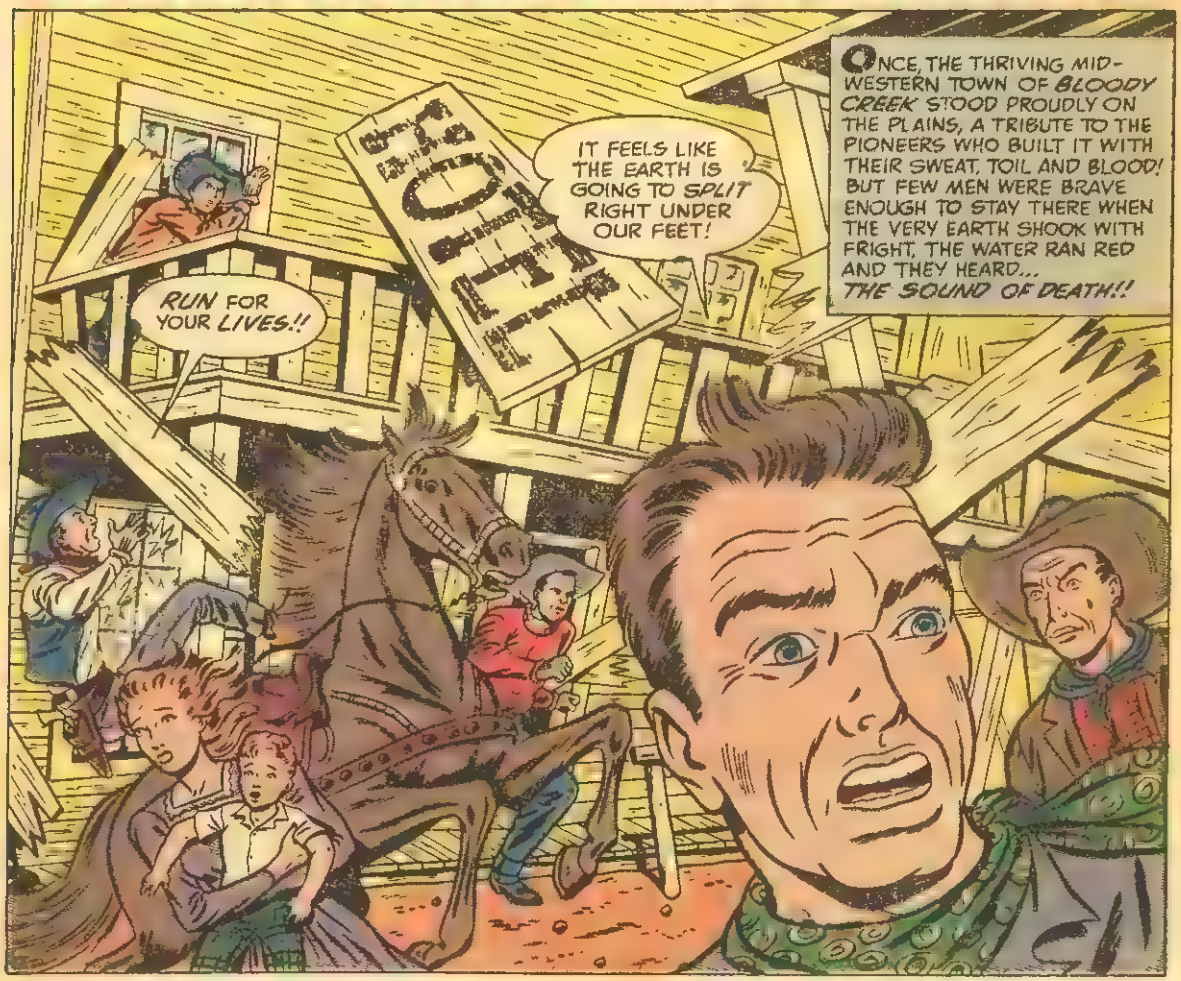
"Good heavens, look at the widow!"

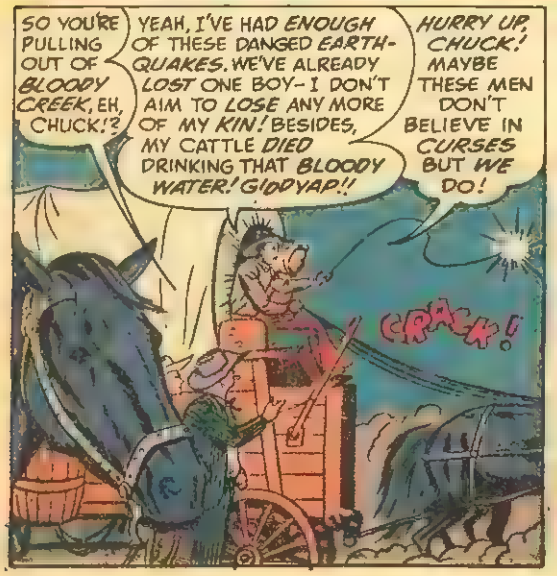
"No, no, it's . . . it's . . ."

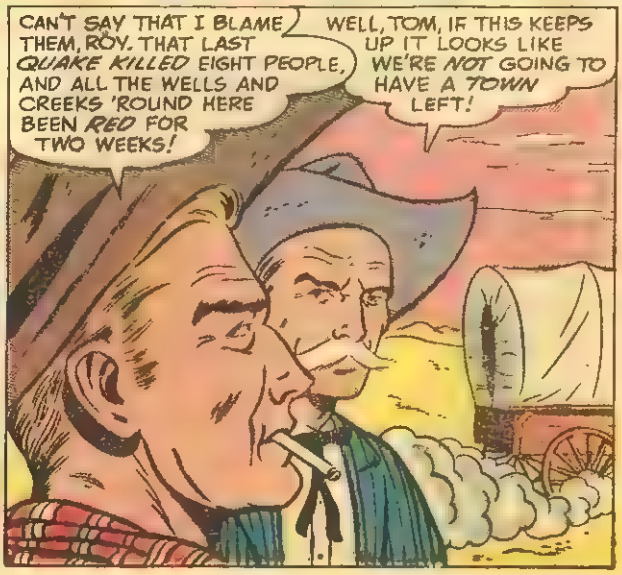
The flames were devouring the body of a screaming, mad wolf . . .

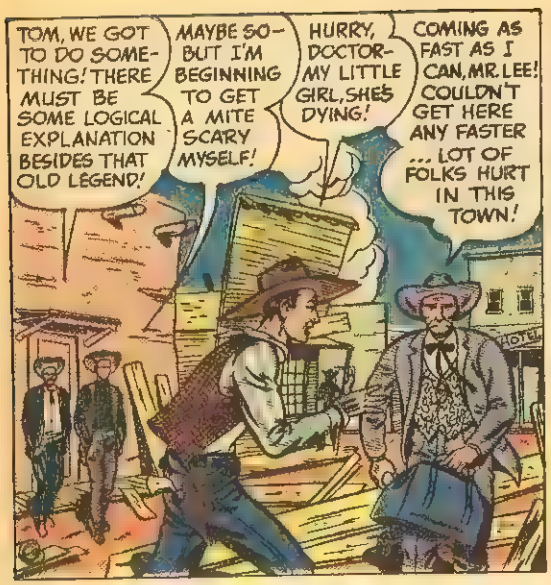


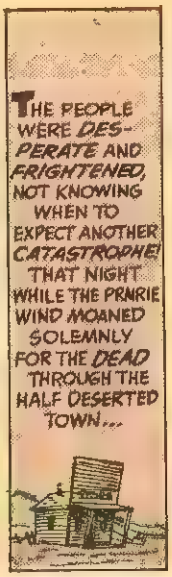
MASSACRE of the GHOSTS!

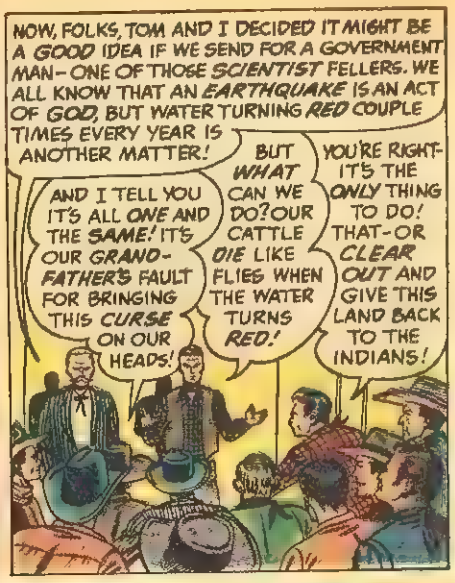

ONCE, THE THRIVING MID-WESTERN TOWN OF BLOODY CREEK STOOD PROUDLY ON THE PLAINS, A TRIBUTE TO THE PIONEERS WHO BUILT IT WITH THEIR SWEAT, TOIL AND BLOOD! BUT FEW MEN WERE BRAVE ENOUGH TO STAY THERE WHEN THE VERY EARTH SHOOK WITH FRIGHT, THE WATER RAN RED AND THEY HEARD... THE SOUND OF DEATH!!
IT FEELS LIKE THE EARTH IS GOING TO SPLIT RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!


SO YOU'RE PULLING OUT OF BLOODY CREEK, EH, CHUCK!?
YEAH, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THESE DANGED EARTH-QUAKES. WE'VE ALREADY LOST ONE BOY- I DON'T AIM TO LOSE ANY MORE OF MY KIN! BESIDES, MY CATTLE DIED DRINKING THAT BLOODY WATER! GIDDYAP!!
HURRY UP, CHUCK! MAYBE THESE MEN DON'T BELIEVE IN CURSES BUT WE DO!
CRACK!

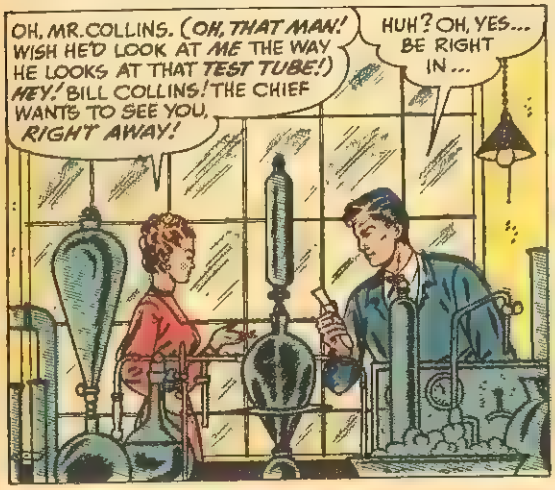

CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME THEM, ROY. THAT LAST QUAKE KILLED EIGHT PEOPLE, AND ALL THE WELLS AND CREEKS 'ROUND HERE BEEN RED FOR TWO WEEKS!
WELL, TOM, IF THIS KEEPS UP IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE A TOWN LEFT!

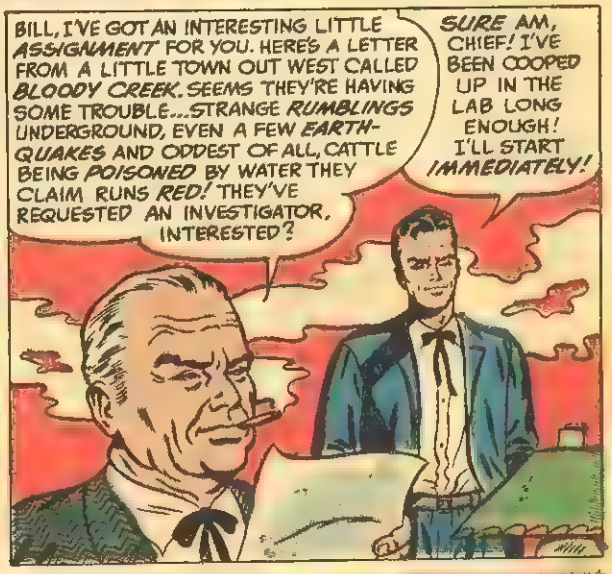

TOM, WE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THERE MUST BE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION BESIDES THAT OLD LEGEND!
MAYBE SO—BUT I'M BEGINNING TO GET A MITE SCARY MYSELF!
HURRY, DOCTOR—MY LITTLE GIRL, SHE'S DYING!
COMING AS FAST AS I CAN, MR. LEE! COULDN'T GET HERE ANY FASTER ... LOT OF FOLKS HURT IN THIS TOWN!
HOTEL

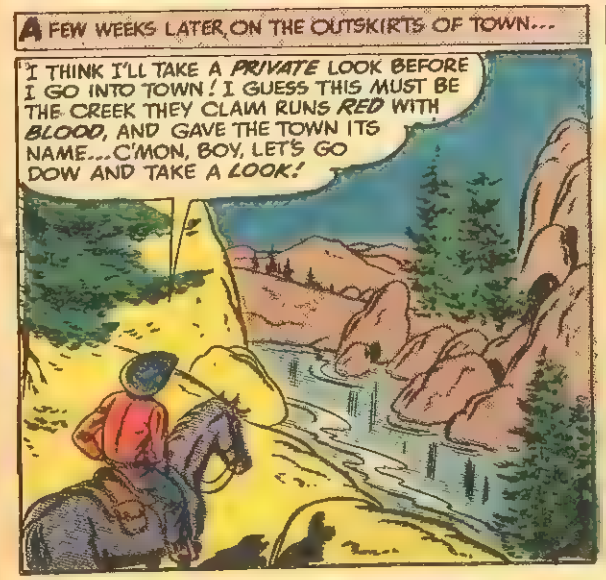

THE PEOPLE WERE DESPERATE AND FRIGHTENED, NOT KNOWING WHEN TO EXPECT ANOTHER CATASTROPHE! THAT NIGHT WHILE THE PRAIRIE WIND MOANED SOLEMNLY FOR THE DEAD THROUGH THE HALF DESERTED TOWN...


NOW, FOLKS, TOM AND I DECIDED IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF WE SEND FOR A GOVERNMENT MAN—ONE OF THOSE SCIENTIST FELLERS. WE ALL KNOW THAT AN EARTHQUAKE IS AN ACT OF GOD, BUT WATER TURNING RED COUPLE TIMES EVERY YEAR IS ANOTHER MATTER!
AND I TELL YOU IT'S ALL ONE AND THE SAME! IT'S OUR GRANDFATHER'S FAULT FOR BRINGING THIS CURSE ON OUR HEADS!
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? OUR CATTLE DIE LIKE FLIES WHEN THE WATER TURNS RED!
YOU'RE RIGHT—IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO! THAT—OR CLEAR OUT AND GIVE THIS LAND BACK TO THE INDIANS!

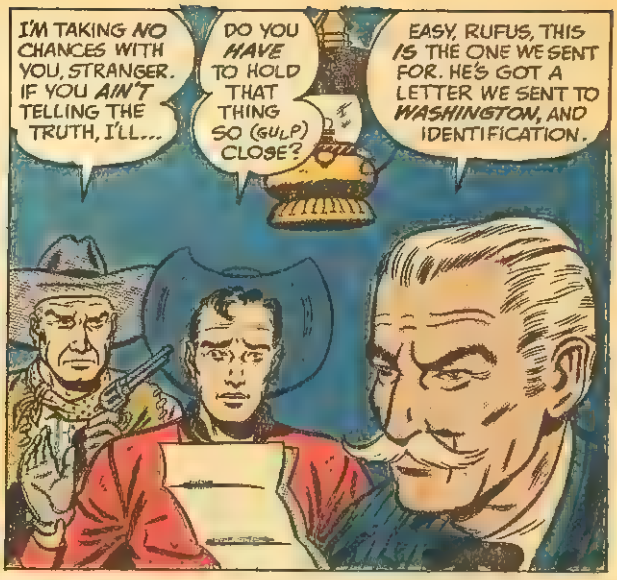
AND, SOMETIME LATER IN WASHINGTON, D.C., THERE IS A MAN WHO DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE IS AT THE THRESHHOLD OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF HIS LIFE...


OH, MR. COLLINS. (OH, THAT MAN! WISH HE'D LOOK AT ME THE WAY HE LOOKS AT THAT TEST TUBE!) HEY! BILL COLLINS! THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU, RIGHT AWAY!
HUH? OH, YES... BE RIGHT IN...


BILL, I'VE GOT AN INTERESTING LITTLE ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU. HERE'S A LETTER FROM A LITTLE TOWN OUT WEST CALLED BLOODY CREEK. SEEMS THEY'RE HAVING SOME TROUBLE...STRANGE RUMBLINGS UNDERGROUND, EVEN A FEW EARTHQUAKES AND ODDEST OF ALL, CATTLE BEING POISONED BY WATER THEY CLAIM RUNS RED! THEY'VE REQUESTED AN INVESTIGATOR. INTERESTED?
SURE AM, CHIEF! I'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THE LAB LONG ENOUGH! I'LL START IMMEDIATELY!

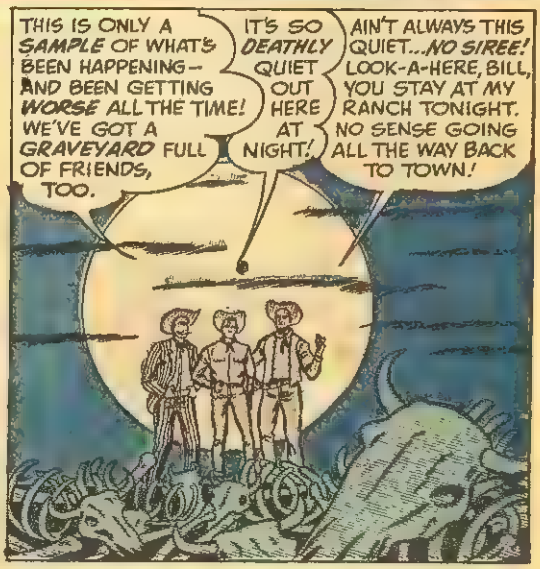

A FEW WEEKS LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
I THINK I'LL TAKE A PRIVATE LOOK BEFORE I GO INTO TOWN! I GUESS THIS MUST BE THE CREEK THEY CLAIM RUNS RED WITH BLOOD, AND GAVE THE TOWN ITS NAME...C'MON, BOY, LET'S GO DOW AND TAKE A LOOK!

OKAY, STRANGER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING SNOOPING AROUND MY LAND... AND THAT CREEK! YOU PUTTIN' SOMETHIN' IN IT? TALK FAST!
L--LOOK, MY NAME'S BILL COLLINS... FROM WASHINGTON! YOU FOLKS ASKED FOR A MAN TO COME OUT HERE. I'M HIM! NOW WILL YOU PLEASE POINT THAT THING IN ANOTHER DIRECTION?

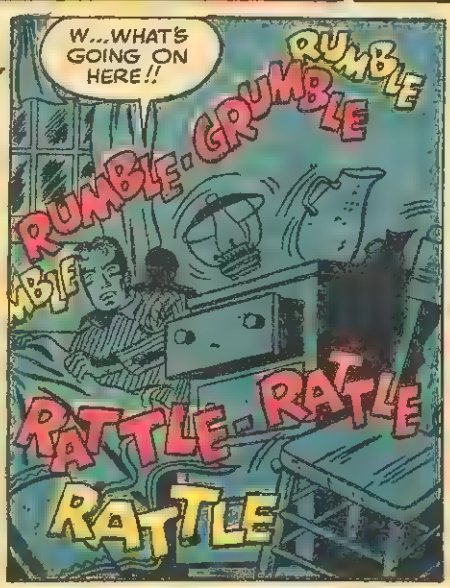

I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH YOU, STRANGER. IF YOU AIN'T TELLING THE TRUTH, I'LL...
DO YOU HAVE TO HOLD THAT THING SO (GULP) CLOSE?
EASY, RUFUS, THIS IS THE ONE WE SENT FOR. HE'S GOT A LETTER WE SENT TO WASHINGTON, AND IDENTIFICATION.

WELL, NOW-THAT'S A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR. PUT 'ER THERE, SON!
YOU'VE GOT TO FORGIVE THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE FOR BEING A MITE SUSPICIOUS. IF WE RIDE OUT TO RUFUS' PLACE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHY.
I.. I'D HATE TO HAVE YOU MAD AT ME, RUFUS, IF THAT WAS ONLY BEING SUSPICIOUS!

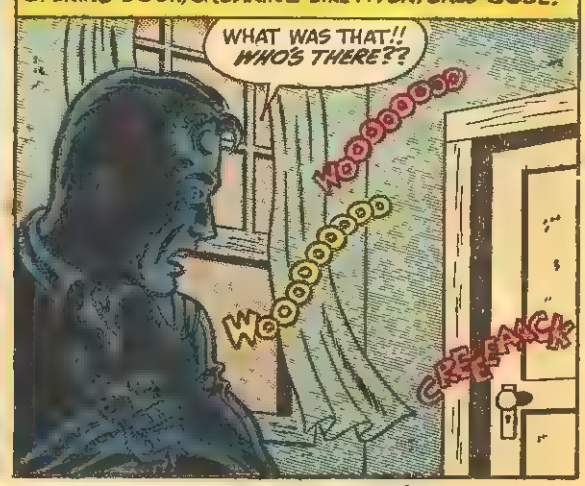
By nightfall, they reached the pasture-lands. A grisly sight awaited Bill as he saw hundreds of skeletons gleaming dully under the full, ghostly white moon.


THIS IS ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING— AND BEEN GETTING WORSE ALL THE TIME! WE'VE GOT A GRAVEYARD FULL OF FRIENDS, TOO.
IT'S SO DEATHLY QUIET OUT HERE AT NIGHT!
AIN'T ALWAYS THIS QUIET... NO SIREE! LOOK-A-HERE, BILL, YOU STAY AT MY RANCH TONIGHT. NO SENSE GOING ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN!

Gratefully Bill turned in early that night after the long day. But about midnight he awoke, suddenly! It seemed as if some unseen hand were shaking his bed, shaking the whole house...

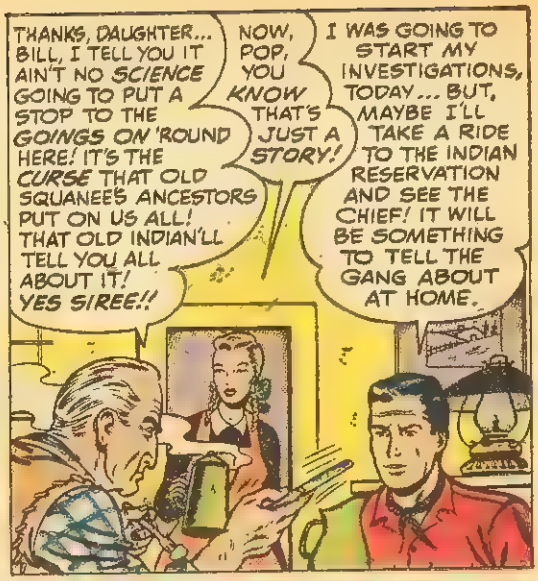


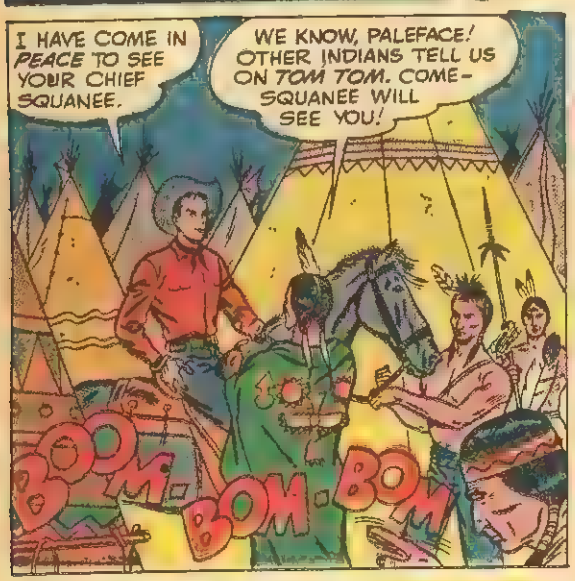
Finally, the trembling house stopped shaking — but something else made his eyes snap open in fright! In horror, he glued his eyes to his slowly opening door, creaking like a tortured soul!

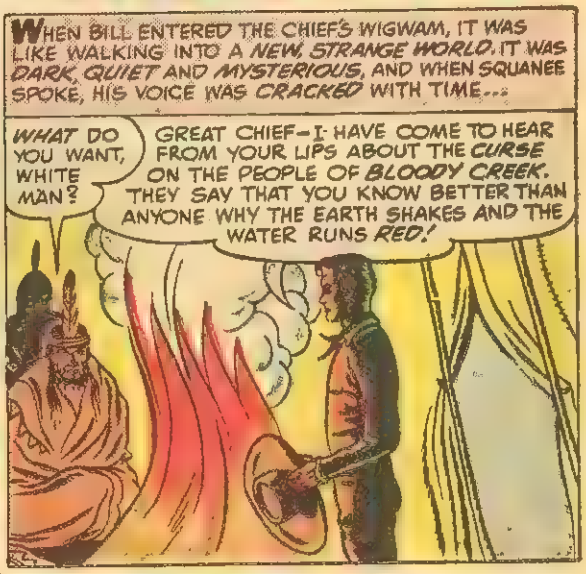


YOU CAME IN SO QUIETLY, RUFUS— AND THAT HOWLING... FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A... BUT, THAT'S SILLY...
CAME IN QUIETLY— THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE SLEPT THRU IT! THAT AIN'T NOTHING BUT AN OLD COYOTE. BUT DID YOU FEEL IT... AND HEAR IT? THE RUMBLING AND THE SHAKING... THAT WAS ONLY A SMALL ONE!!
A-WOOOOOOO!!

IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE OF A WESTERN MORNING, THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE TOOK ON A *NIGHTMARISH, UNREAL* QUALITY. BUT, BILL WAS ANXIOUS AS EVER TO GET TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THE STRANGE RUMBLINGS...


THANKS, DAUGHTER... BILL, I TELL YOU IT AIN'T NO *SCIENCE* GOING TO PUT A STOP TO THE *GOINGS ON* 'ROUND HERE! IT'S THE *CURSE* THAT OLD SQUANEE'S ANCESTORS PUT ON US ALL! THAT OLD INDIAN'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT! *YES SIREE!!*
NOW, POP, YOU *KNOW* THAT'S JUST A *STORY!*
I WAS GOING TO START MY INVESTIGATIONS, TODAY... BUT, MAYBE I'LL TAKE A RIDE TO THE INDIAN RESERVATION AND SEE THE CHIEF! IT WILL BE SOMETHING TO TELL THE GANG ABOUT AT HOME.


I HAVE COME IN *PEACE* TO SEE YOUR CHIEF SQUANEE.
WE KNOW, PALEFACE! OTHER INDIANS TELL US ON *TOM TOM*. COME— SQUANEE WILL SEE YOU!
BOOM-BOOM-BOOM

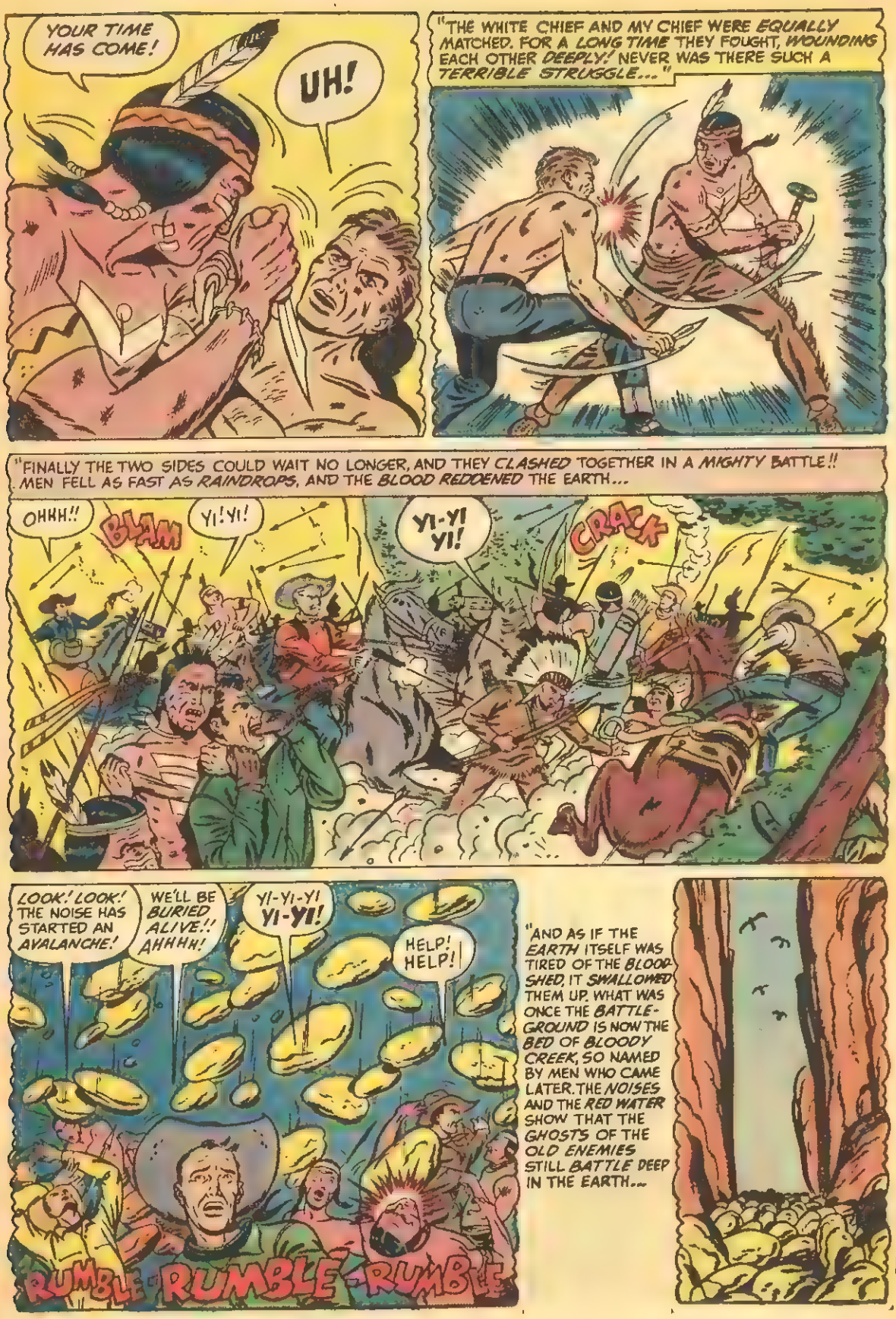

WHEN BILL ENTERED THE CHIEF'S WIGWAM, IT WAS LIKE WALKING INTO A *NEW, STRANGE WORLD*. IT WAS *DARK, QUIET* AND *MYSTERIOUS*, AND WHEN SQUANEE SPOKE, HIS VOICE WAS *CRACKED* WITH TIME...
WHAT DO YOU WANT, WHITE MAN?
GREAT CHIEF— I HAVE COME TO HEAR FROM YOUR LIPS ABOUT THE *CURSE* ON THE PEOPLE OF *BLOODY CREEK*. THEY SAY THAT YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE WHY THE EARTH SHAKES AND THE WATER RUNS *RED!*

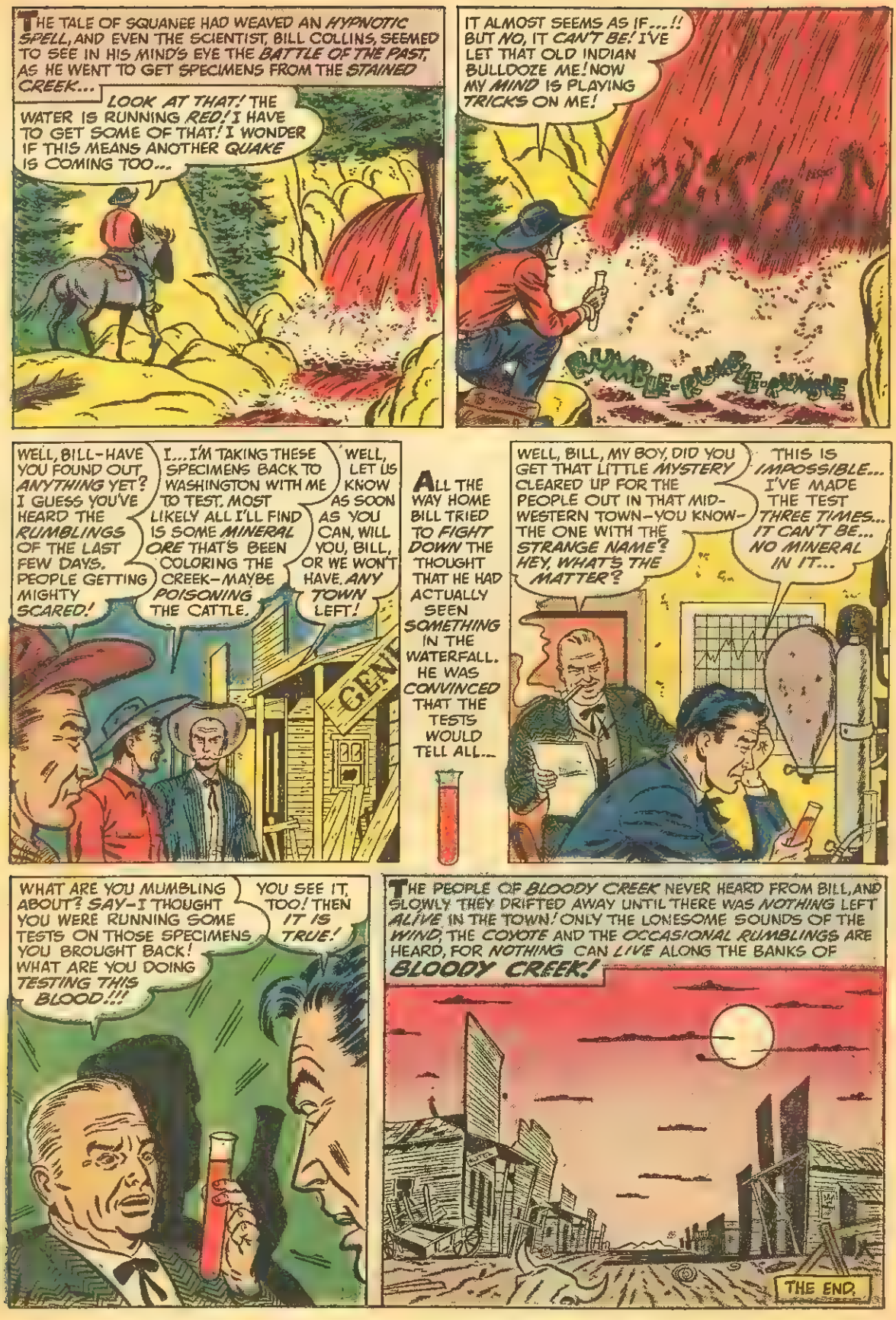
I CANNOT BELIEVE, SQUANEE THAT THE WATER RUNS *RED* WITH *BLOOD*, AS YOU SAY. I AM SURE THERE MUST BE SOME *OTHER* REASON...
SILENCE!! I TELL THE *TRUTH!* SQUANEE *KNOWS*... SQUANEE *SAW!* *LISTEN*— IT WAS OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BRAVE...

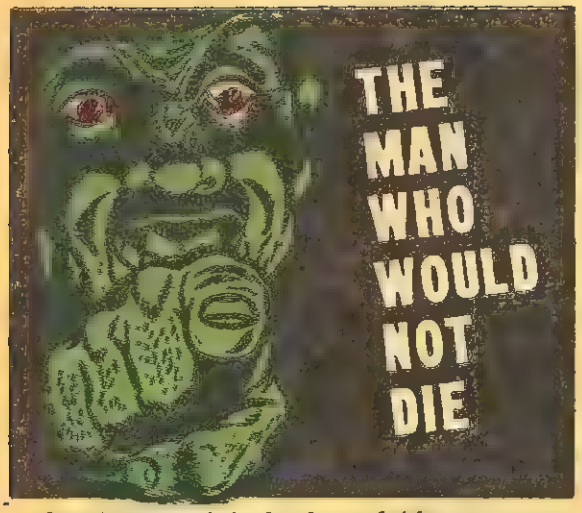
THE HOARSE VOICE OF THE *FABULOUSLY* OLD INDIAN MADE BILL COLLINS KEEP AN *AWED SILENCE*, AND THE ANCIENT STORY UNFOLDED ITSELF BY THE *ONLY* MAN WHO WAS *OLD ENOUGH* IN THE WORLD TO REMEMBER...

I AM *HAPPY* THAT WE HAVE MADE THIS TREATY. THERE IS NO REASON WHY THE *RED MAN* AND THE *WHITE MAN* CANNOT LIVE SIDE BY SIDE IN *PEACE*. THERE IS LAND FOR ALL.
MY PEOPLE ARE *GLAD* TO BE AT PEACE WITH OUR WHITE BROTHERS! THERE SHALL BE NO MORE *KILLING!*

OH, FRANK—I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER KNOWING THE INDIANS ARE OUR FRIENDS. LIFE OUT HERE IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH WITHOUT WARS ON OUR HANDS.
SURE, MARTHA. LOOK AT THE CHIEF'S SON PLAYING WITH OUR BOYS. I GUESS BOYS ARE BOYS NO MATTER WHAT COLOR THEY ARE
BUT, ONE BLACK DAY..
BUT, CHIEF, I TELL YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE ATE SOME POISON AND HE THOUGHT IT WAS CANDY! ALL OUR PEOPLE GRIEVE WITH YOU FOR THE DEATH OF YOUR SON!
THE WHITE MAN SPEAKS WITH THE FORKED TONGUE OF THE SNAKE! GO! LEAVE MY DEAD SON HERE!
I DON'T THINK THE CHIEF BELIEVED.. HEY, FRANK! LOOK!
THAT'S COMING FROM THE VICINITY OF MY PLACE! C'MON..
FRANK, THIS IS HORRIBLE! IT'S THOSE BLASTED INDIANS—THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU!
THEY'LL PAY—I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR EVERY DROP OF BLOOD!! D'YA HEAR? EVERY DROP!!
"YES, WHITE MAN,-THE TWO CHIEFS MET IN THE VALLEY THAT IS NOW THE BED OF BLOODY CREEK, THERE TO DO BATTLE TO THE DEATH.."
GO GET 'EM, FRANK!
SO IT'S JUST YOU AND ME IS IT, YOU RED DEVIL?
YES-ONE MUST DIE!
WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP!


YOUR TIME HAS COME!
UH!
"THE WHITE CHIEF AND MY CHIEF WERE EQUALLY MATCHED. FOR A LONG TIME THEY FOUGHT, WOUNDING EACH OTHER DEEPLY! NEVER WAS THERE SUCH A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE..."
"FINALLY THE TWO SIDES COULD WAIT NO LONGER, AND THEY CLASHED TOGETHER IN A MIGHTY BATTLE!! MEN FELL AS FAST AS RAINDROPS, AND THE BLOOD REDDENED THE EARTH...
OHHH!!
BLAM
YI!YI!
YI-YI YI!
CRACK
LOOK! LOOK! THE NOISE HAS STARTED AN AVALANCHE!
WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!! AHHHH!
YI-YI-YI YI-YI!
HELP! HELP!
RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE
"AND AS IF THE EARTH ITSELF WAS TIRED OF THE BLOODSHED, IT SWALLOWED THEM UP. WHAT WAS ONCE THE BATTLE-GROUND IS NOW THE BED OF BLOODY CREEK, SO NAMED BY MEN WHO CAME LATER. THE NOISES AND THE RED WATER SHOW THAT THE GHOSTS OF THE OLD ENEMIES STILL BATTLE DEEP IN THE EARTH...


THE TALE OF SQUANEE HAD WEAVED AN HYPNOTIC SPELL, AND EVEN THE SCIENTIST, BILL COLLINS, SEEMED TO SEE IN HIS MIND'S EYE THE BATTLE OF THE PAST, AS HE WENT TO GET SPECIMENS FROM THE STAINED CREEK...
LOOK AT THAT! THE WATER IS RUNNING RED! I HAVE TO GET SOME OF THAT! I WONDER IF THIS MEANS ANOTHER QUAKE IS COMING TOO...
IT ALMOST SEEMS AS IF...!! BUT NO, IT CAN'T BE! I'VE LET THAT OLD INDIAN BULLDOZE ME! NOW MY MIND IS PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!
RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE
WELL, BILL-HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING YET? I GUESS YOU'VE HEARD THE RUMBLINGS OF THE LAST FEW DAYS. PEOPLE GETTING MIGHTY SCARED!
I... I'M TAKING THESE SPECIMENS BACK TO WASHINGTON WITH ME TO TEST. MOST LIKELY ALL I'LL FIND IS SOME MINERAL ORE THAT'S BEEN COLORING THE CREEK-MAYBE POISONING THE CATTLE.
WELL, LET US KNOW AS SOON AS YOU CAN, WILL YOU, BILL, OR WE WON'T HAVE ANY TOWN LEFT!
GEN
ALL THE WAY HOME BILL TRIED TO FIGHT DOWN THE THOUGHT THAT HE HAD ACTUALLY SEEN SOMETHING IN THE WATERFALL. HE WAS CONVINCED THAT THE TESTS WOULD TELL ALL...
WELL, BILL, MY BOY, DID YOU GET THAT LITTLE MYSTERY CLEARED UP FOR THE PEOPLE OUT IN THAT MID-WESTERN TOWN-YOU KNOW-THE ONE WITH THE STRANGE NAME? HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE... I'VE MADE THE TEST THREE TIMES... IT CAN'T BE... NO MINERAL IN IT...
WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT? SAY-I THOUGHT YOU WERE RUNNING SOME TESTS ON THOSE SPECIMENS YOU BROUGHT BACK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TESTING THIS BLOOD!!!
YOU SEE IT, TOO! THEN IT IS TRUE!
THE PEOPLE OF BLOODY CREEK NEVER HEARD FROM BILL, AND SLOWLY THEY DRIFTED AWAY UNTIL THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT ALIVE IN THE TOWN! ONLY THE LONESOME SOUNDS OF THE WIND, THE COYOTE AND THE OCCASIONAL RUMBLINGS ARE HEARD, FOR NOTHING CAN LIVE ALONG THE BANKS OF BLOODY CREEK!
THE END



"Igor Borodin, it is the duty of this court to see that justice is done. Therefore, in view of the facts presented in this case, the court sentences you to hang by the neck until you are dead."

The judge's words seemed to act like sparks for the courtroom became ablaze with excited whispers. Then, silence gripped the room as the prisoner lifted up his chains and motioned for silence. The light from the large window appeared to center on the condemned figure. But, the deep, sunken eyes of Igor Borodin became even blacker

"You say it is the duty of this court to see that justice is done. I laugh at that. You, Judge August Derleth; you, Prosecutor Ian Heinlein; and you, Defense Lawyer Herman Gunn, are murderers!"

These words rocked the assembled group and caused the judge to stir uneasily and stammer, "Th-the c-c-court will not allow . . ."

"The court will listen, you greasy pig," sharply answered the prisoner, "for justice *will* be served. You three men want to rule this territory. I was the only block to that end. So, the three of you framed a case of murder against me, and, by use of legal means, plotted to kill me. Hear me then, you three murderers and the world, I WILL NOT DIE ON THE SCAFFOLD! I cannot let the poor people of this territory to be bled to death by your taxes. I WILL COME BACK! I CANNOT BE KILLED!"

When the date of execution came, Igor Borodin was marched up to the scaffold. As he passed the reviewing stand, he noticed that the three men, whom he had cursed, were smiling. The fact that they were able to see their enemy so close to his death had fortified their spirits. Igor Borodin also smiled, but to himself.

The executioner blindfolded the prisoner. The mayor nodded his head. The trap door sprung open. The limp body of Igor Borodin swung back and forth.

Time was an excellent memory healer and soon the people forgot about the execution. Actually, they had little time to remember for the trio that Igor Borodin had called murderers had taken over the territory and were bleeding the people white with taxes. Then, one night, as the judge who had sentenced Igor was preparing to go to bed, he heard someone tapping lightly on the library window. Opening the window, the judge recoiled in horror. Standing in front of him was Igor Borodin, his head bent over his left shoulder and a huge stump rising from the neck where once the head lay. Igor's face was twisted in a grotesque expression as if, at one time, a tremendous pain had gripped his body.

"So August Derleth, you thought I was mad when I said I would never die. When that trap door opened, I placed my head in a position I had practised for months, and thus prevented death. However, though I lived, my neck still was crushed by your rope."

The judge was on his knees asking forgiveness but the burning eyes of Igor had no forgiveness in them. "Get up, you thief, and come here!" The terror-shattered man rose trembling and came closer to the "dead" man. "Put your hand on the stump of my neck!"

"No, no, no," gasped the judge as he cringed away from his tormentor. "Put it there or I shall kill you now. Put it there!"

The judge staggered to Igor and, sobbing with fright, placed his hand on the stump!

"No . . . arghhh . . ." Unable to withstand the shock, August Derleth crashed through the glass library doors and slumped to the ground. His head was split wide open.

"Aye, justice will be served." Igor slipped out of the window.

* *

Some days later, in another part of town:

"Igor Borodin!!! It can't be! You're dead! I-I-I can't . . . I—the stump—it's horrible . . . ughhh!!!" Removing the silken rope from Prosecutor Heinlein's neck, Igor looked down at the still body and grunted, "Justice will be served!"

* *

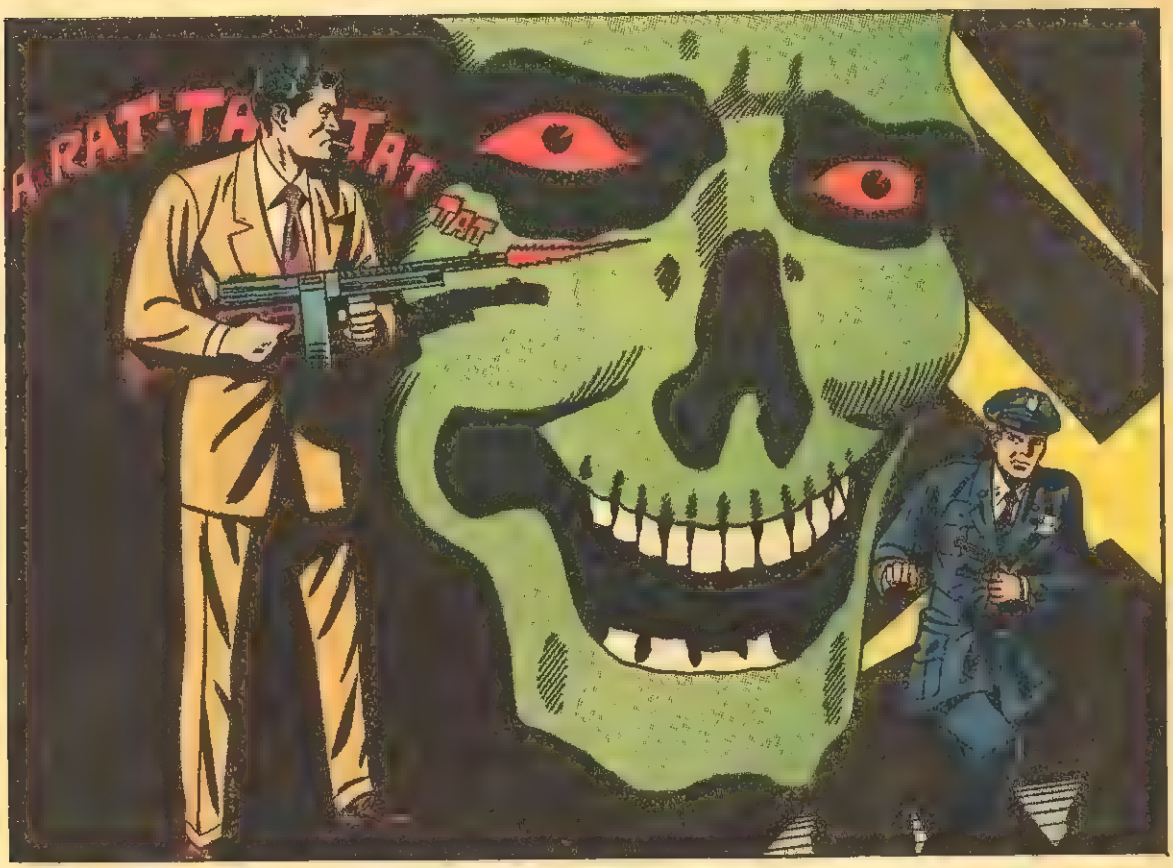
Defense Lawyer Herman Gunn was sitting in his study when Igor crept in silently. Gunn, hearing about the death of his associates, knew Igor somehow managed to return. He had a long knife hidden in his sleeve for protection. As the lawyer put down his paper, his head jerked back to confront Igor Borodin!

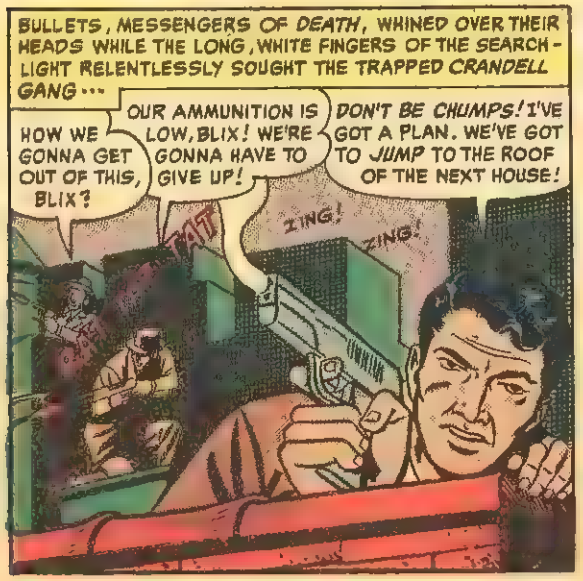
Conquering his fears, Gunn leaped to his feet and charged Igor. For long minutes, they fought and the room was turned into a shambles. Then, Gunn lashed out and sunk his blade up to the hilt into the stump! He broke out into mad, joyous, laughter as the blood shot out of the punctured stump and over the two combatants. The laughter changed to surprise and then to fear, however, as Gunn felt Igor's knife slide into his stomach and twist inside. Both men fell to the ground—dead!

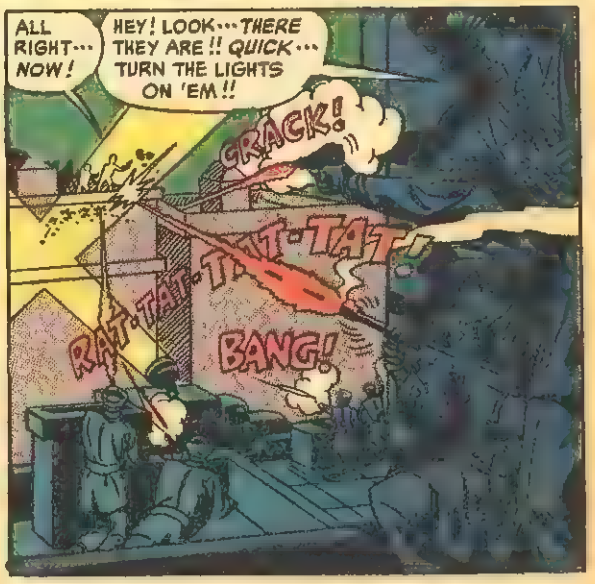
Justice had been served!

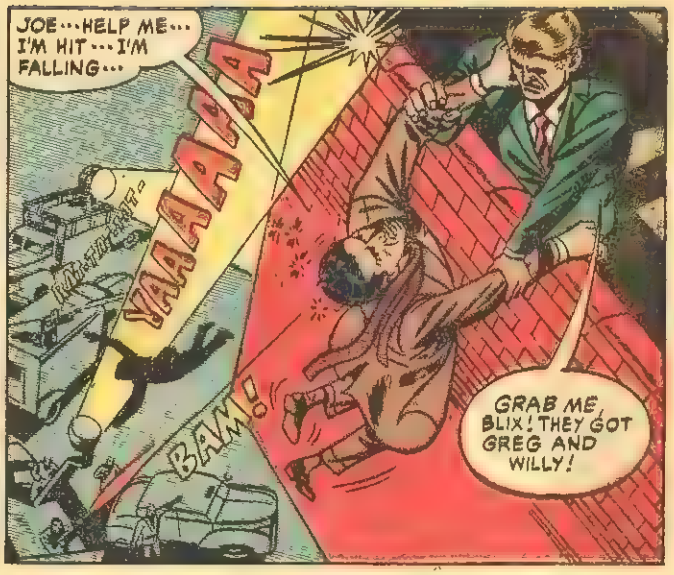
AMONG THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND JUSTICE, ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES IS THAT OF BLIX CRANDELL, THE MOST VICIOUS CRIMINAL OF HIS DAY! MANY TIMES HE ESCAPED THE CLUTCHING FINGERS OF DEATH, FOR EVEN DEATH WAS BAFFLED BY···

The man with TWO FACES

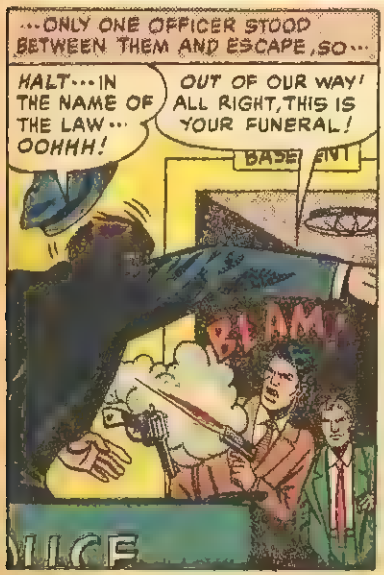


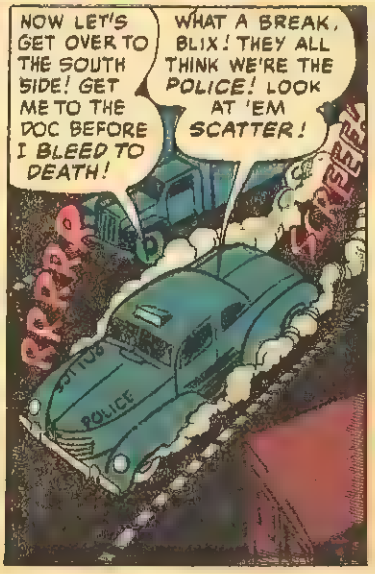

BULLETS, MESSENGERS OF DEATH, WHINED OVER THEIR HEADS WHILE THE LONG, WHITE FINGERS OF THE SEARCH-LIGHT RELENTLESSLY SOUGHT THE TRAPPED CRANDELL GANG···
HOW WE GONNA GET OUT OF THIS, BLIX?
OUR AMMUNITION IS LOW, BLIX! WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE UP!
DON'T BE CHUMPS! I'VE GOT A PLAN. WE'VE GOT TO JUMP TO THE ROOF OF THE NEXT HOUSE!
TAT
ZING!
ZING!





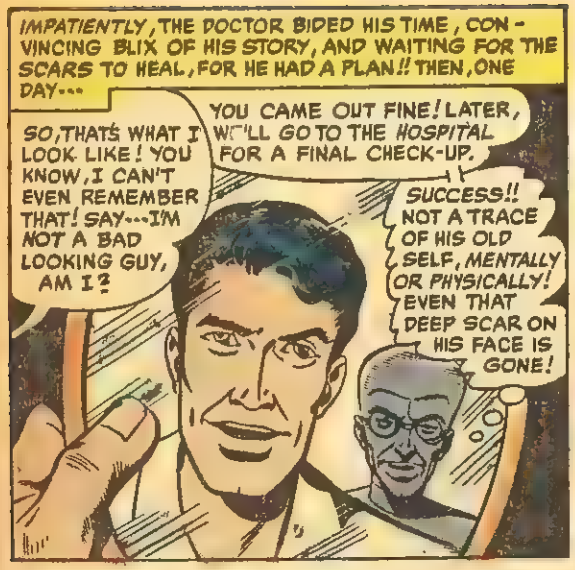
DESPERATE, THE TWO MEN WENT TO THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE AND SNEAKED OUT A BACK ALLEY! THEIR DARING STUNT CAUGHT THE POLICE FLATFOOTED···

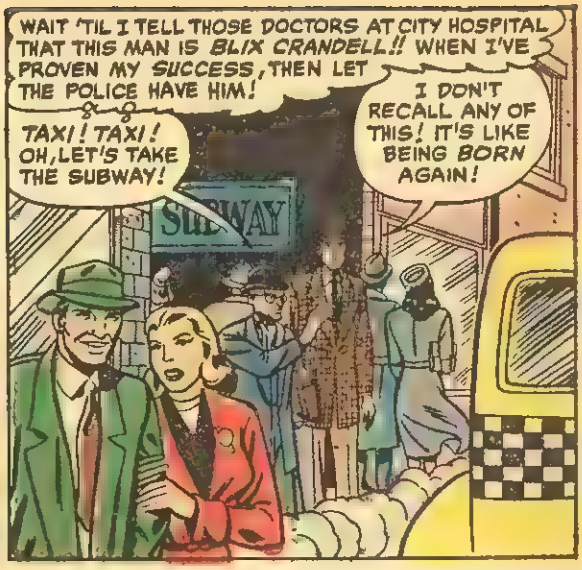

···ONLY ONE OFFICER STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND ESCAPE, SO···
HALT···IN THE NAME OF THE LAW··· OOHHH!
OUT OF OUR WAY! ALL RIGHT, THIS IS YOUR FUNERAL!
BLAM!

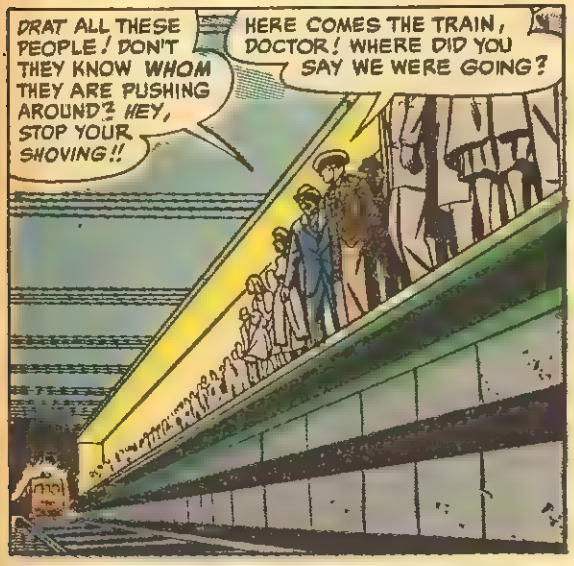

NOW LET'S GET OVER TO THE SOUTH SIDE! GET ME TO THE DOC BEFORE I BLEED TO DEATH!
WHAT A BREAK, BLIX! THEY ALL THINK WE'RE THE POLICE! LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER!
RRRRRR
POLICE

HERE, DOC···TAKE HIM. HE'S HIT BAD! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND DITCH THAT POLICE CAR SOMEWHERE
YES···YES·· BRING HIM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM··· QUICKLY!

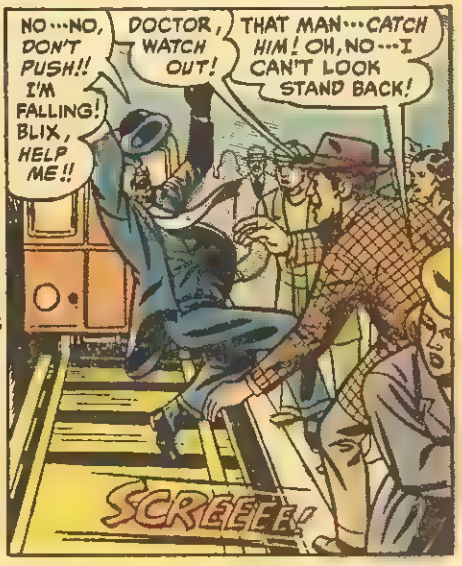
THE GANG DOCTOR PROBED THE SHOULDER OF UNCONSCIOUS BLIX CRANDELL, AND MANAGED TO SAVE HIS LIFE. A FEW DAYS LATER···
HIYA, DOC! I GUESS I'D BE ON A COLD SLAB AT THE POLICE MORGUE BY NOW IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!
FEELING PRETTY CHIPPER, ARE YOU, BLIX? HERE, I BROUGHT YOU THIS RADIO SO YOU CAN HEAR ALL ABOUT YOURSELF!
···AND POLICE REPORT THAT WITH THE CAPTURE OF JOE JOHNSON, ALL MEMBERS OF THE VICIOUS CRANDELL GANG HAVE BEEN KILLED OR CAPTURED EXCEPT BLIX CRANDELL HIMSELF WHO IS BELIEVED SERIOUSLY WOUNDED AND HIDING OUT...
SO THEY GOT JOE, TOO, THE POOR SAP. WELL, THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME!
DON'T BE SO SURE. YOU'VE BECOME PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! THE POLICE ARE BROADCASTING YOUR DESCRIPTION EVERY HALF HOUR! YOU COULDN'T WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED, UNESS...
UNLESS, WHAT, SAWBONES!! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS?
AN OPERATION! PLASTIC SURGERY! I'LL GIVE YOU A NEW FACE···THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE YOU! AND I CAN GIVE YOU A NEW SET OF PRINTS! I CAN DO IT, BLIX! I'VE BEEN STUDYING···YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH A BENT PENNY NOW···
BLIX AGREED TO THE OPERATION! HE KNEW HIS FACE WAS IMPRINTED ON EVERY POLICEMAN'S MIND IN THE COUNTRY! BUT, HE DID NOT KNOW JUST HOW DANGEROUS THIS OPERATION WOULD BE···
NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'VE GOT THE GUINEA PIG I NEED. YES, I'LL CHANGE HIS FACE, AND I'LL CHANGE HIS MIND, TOO! I'LL MAKE HIM FORGET THE PAST··· WIPE HIS MEMORY CLEAN WITH THIS LITTLE SCALPEL! OH, I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL! SOON··· I'LL BE FAMOUS!
···NOW COMES THE DELICATE PART··· THE OPERATION ON HIS BRAIN!! I HOPE HIS BRAIN WILL STAND THE SHOCK···
FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE FANTASTIC OPERATION, THE LIFE OF BLIX CRANDELL WAS DELICATELY BALANCED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!! FINALLY, HE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO SIT UP···
BUT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND···??? MY PAST IS AS DARK TO ME AS THIS ROOM. WHO AM I? WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO SEE?
A··AH···YOUR CAR HIT A GASOLINE TRUCK AND EVERYTHING WAS BURNED! YOUR FACE ESPECIALLY···AND YOUR HANDS! THE SHOCK HAS CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MEMORY···COME NOW···REST···

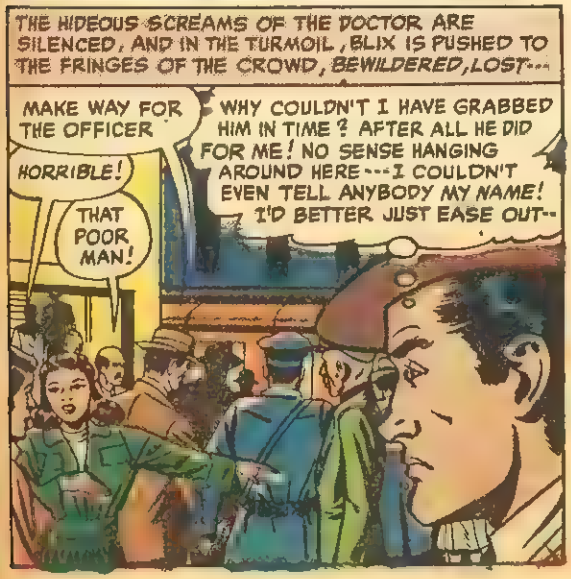

IMPATIENTLY, THE DOCTOR BIDED HIS TIME, CONVINCING BLIX OF HIS STORY, AND WAITING FOR THE SCARS TO HEAL, FOR HE HAD A PLAN!! THEN, ONE DAY···
SO, THAT'S WHAT I LOOK LIKE! YOU KNOW, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT! SAY···I'M NOT A BAD LOOKING GUY, AM I?
YOU CAME OUT FINE! LATER, WE'LL GO TO THE HOSPITAL FOR A FINAL CHECK-UP.
SUCCESS!! NOT A TRACE OF HIS OLD SELF, MENTALLY OR PHYSICALLY! EVEN THAT DEEP SCAR ON HIS FACE IS GONE!

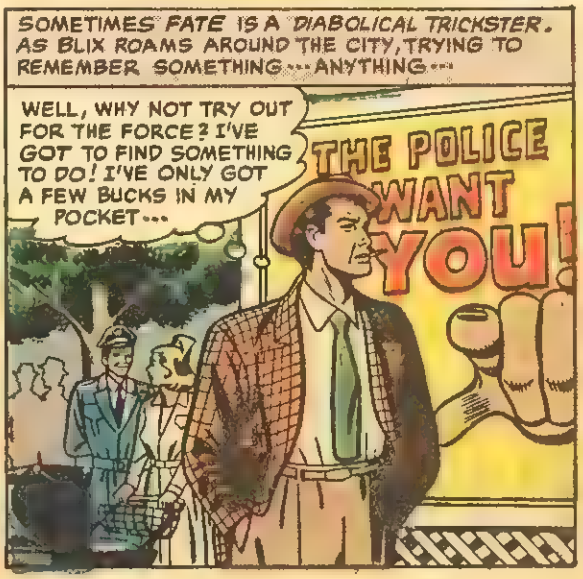

WAIT 'TIL I TELL THOSE DOCTORS AT CITY HOSPITAL THAT THIS MAN IS BLIX CRANDELL!! WHEN I'VE PROVEN MY SUCCESS, THEN LET THE POLICE HAVE HIM!
TAXI! TAXI! OH, LET'S TAKE THE SUBWAY!
I DON'T RECALL ANY OF THIS! IT'S LIKE BEING BORN AGAIN!
SUBWAY

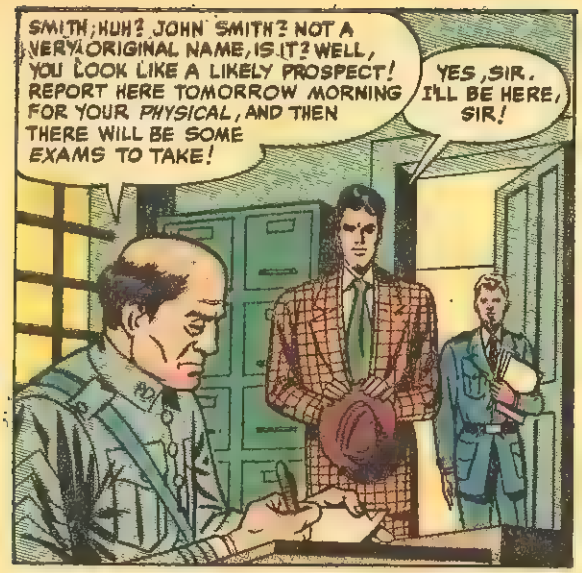

DRAT ALL THESE PEOPLE! DON'T THEY KNOW WHOM THEY ARE PUSHING AROUND? HEY, STOP YOUR SHOVING!!
HERE COMES THE TRAIN, DOCTOR! WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE GOING?

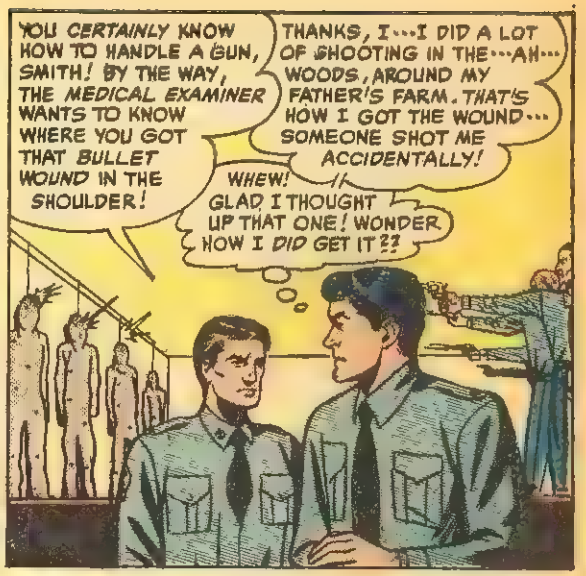
THE RUSH HOUR CROWD SURGES FORWARD, AND THE FRAIL LITTLE BODY OF THE DOCTOR CANNOT WITHSTAND THE PUSHING MOB! THE ROARING TRAIN DROWNS OUT HIS HIGH-PITCHED VOICE···

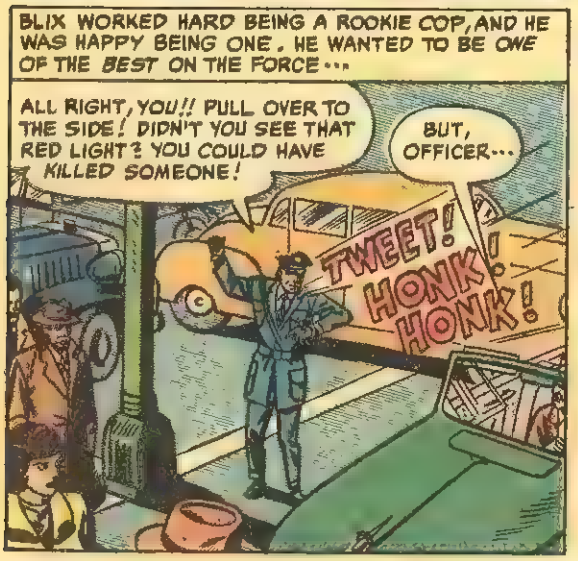


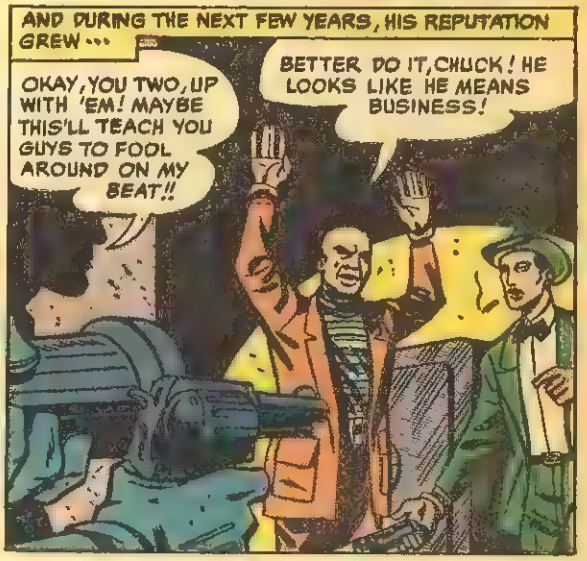

THE HIDEOUS SCREAMS OF THE DOCTOR ARE SILENCED, AND IN THE TURMOIL, BLIX IS PUSHED TO THE FRINGES OF THE CROWD, BEWILDERED, LOST···
MAKE WAY FOR THE OFFICER
HORRIBLE!
THAT POOR MAN!
WHY COULDN'T I HAVE GRABBED HIM IN TIME? AFTER ALL HE DID FOR ME! NO SENSE HANGING AROUND HERE···I COULDN'T EVEN TELL ANYBODY MY NAME! I'D BETTER JUST EASE OUT--

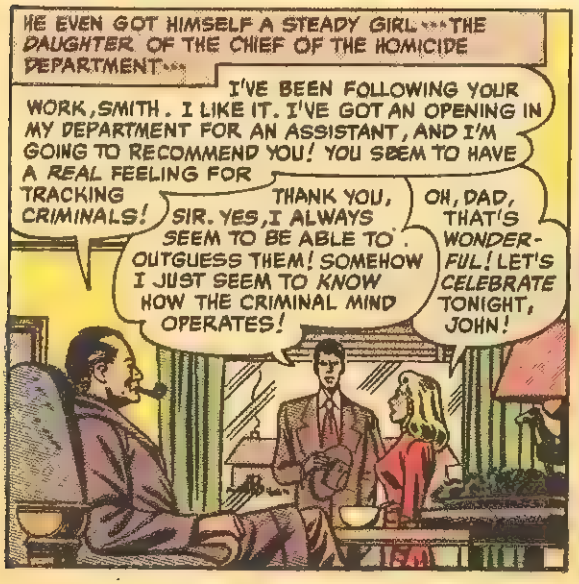

SOMETIMES FATE IS A DIABOLICAL TRICKSTER. AS BLIX ROAMS AROUND THE CITY, TRYING TO REMEMBER SOMETHING···ANYTHING···
WELL, WHY NOT TRY OUT FOR THE FORCE? I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO! I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW BUCKS IN MY POCKET···
THE POLICE WANT YOU!

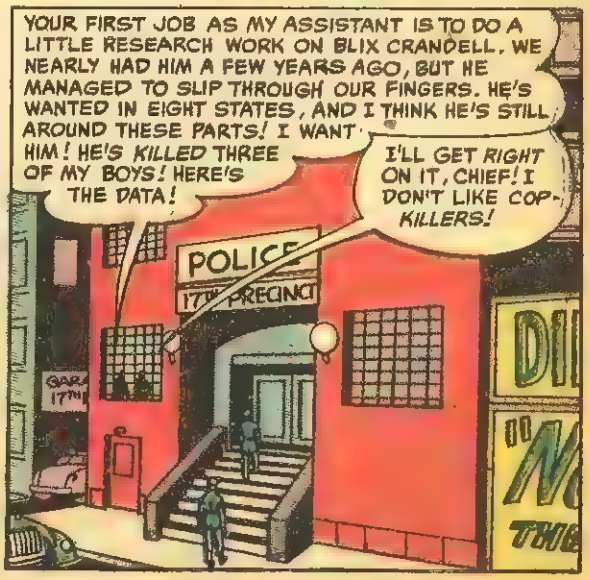

SMITH; HUH? JOHN SMITH? NOT A VERY ORIGINAL NAME, IS IT? WELL, YOU LOOK LIKE A LIKELY PROSPECT! REPORT HERE TOMORROW MORNING FOR YOUR PHYSICAL, AND THEN THERE WILL BE SOME EXAMS TO TAKE!
YES, SIR. I'LL BE HERE, SIR!


YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A GUN, SMITH! BY THE WAY, THE MEDICAL EXAMINER WANTS TO KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THAT BULLET WOUND IN THE SHOULDER!
THANKS, I···I DID A LOT OF SHOOTING IN THE···AH··· WOODS, AROUND MY FATHER'S FARM. THAT'S HOW I GOT THE WOUND··· SOMEONE SHOT ME ACCIDENTALLY!
WHEW! GLAD I THOUGHT UP THAT ONE! WONDER HOW I DID GET IT??

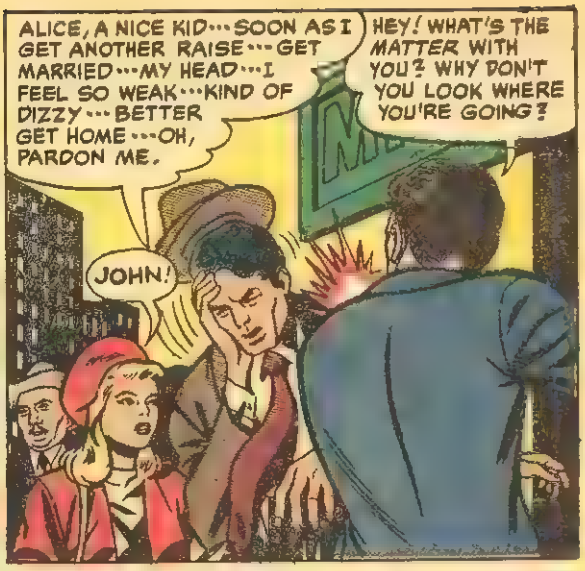

BLIX WORKED HARD BEING A ROOKIE COP, AND HE WAS HAPPY BEING ONE. HE WANTED TO BE ONE OF THE BEST ON THE FORCE···
ALL RIGHT, YOU!! PULL OVER TO THE SIDE! DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT RED LIGHT? YOU COULD HAVE KILLED SOMEONE!
BUT, OFFICER···
TWEET! HONK! HONK!


AND DURING THE NEXT FEW YEARS, HIS REPUTATION GREW···
OKAY, YOU TWO, UP WITH 'EM! MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU GUYS TO FOOL AROUND ON MY BEAT!!
BETTER DO IT, CHUCK! HE LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS BUSINESS!


HE EVEN GOT HIMSELF A STEADY GIRL···THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF OF THE HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT···
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR WORK, SMITH. I LIKE IT. I'VE GOT AN OPENING IN MY DEPARTMENT FOR AN ASSISTANT, AND I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND YOU! YOU SEEM TO HAVE A REAL FEELING FOR TRACKING CRIMINALS!
THANK YOU, SIR. YES, I ALWAYS SEEM TO BE ABLE TO OUTGUESS THEM! SOMEHOW I JUST SEEM TO KNOW HOW THE CRIMINAL MIND OPERATES!
OH, DAD, THAT'S WONDERFUL! LET'S CELEBRATE TONIGHT, JOHN!

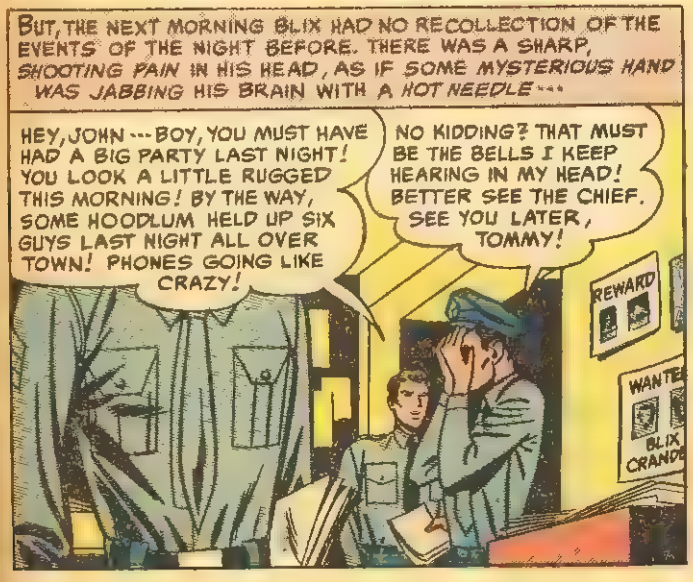

YOUR FIRST JOB AS MY ASSISTANT IS TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH WORK ON BLIX CRANDELL. WE NEARLY HAD HIM A FEW YEARS AGO, BUT HE MANAGED TO SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS. HE'S WANTED IN EIGHT STATES, AND I THINK HE'S STILL AROUND THESE PARTS! I WANT HIM! HE'S KILLED THREE OF MY BOYS! HERE'S THE DATA!
I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT, CHIEF! I DON'T LIKE COP-KILLERS!
POLICE
17TH PRECINCT

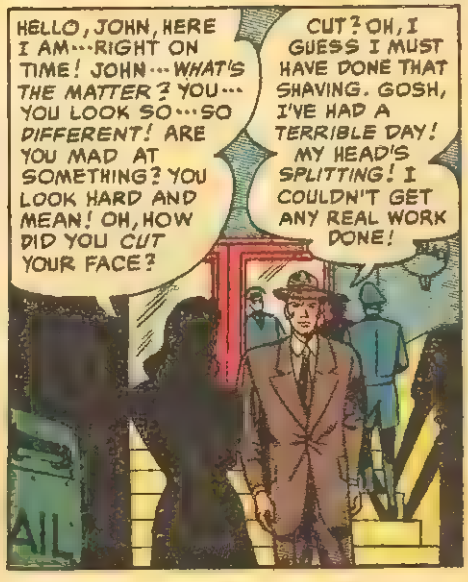
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN··· YOU LOOK TIRED.
GEE, I AM, ALICE. I'VE BEEN READING OVER THE CRANDELL CASE RECORD ALL DAY···THAT GUY IS A REAL KILLER!! BUT I DO FEEL KIND OF WEARY. WOULD YOU MIND IF WE CALLED OFF OUR DATE TONIGHT?


ALICE, A NICE KID···SOON AS I GET ANOTHER RAISE···GET MARRIED···MY HEAD···I FEEL SO WEAK···KIND OF DIZZY···BETTER GET HOME···OH, PARDON ME.
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
JOHN!

BUT THAT JOLT WAS THE SPARK! THE FIRES OF THE PAST SHOT UP AND FOR A MOMENT, A KIND OF PURPLE FOG BLINDED BLIX. WHEN IT LIFTED··· JOHN SMITH HAD DISAPPEARED!
YEAH, DOUGH··· THAT'S WHAT I NEED! I'LL GET SOME OF THE BOYS TOGETHER FOR A FEW JOBS. WONDER WHERE JOE AND GREG ARE?

HAND OVER EVERYTHING YOU GOT IF YOU WANT TO GET HOME ALIVE!
Y-YES··· ANYTHING YOU SAY···


BUT, THE NEXT MORNING BLIX HAD NO RECOLLECTION OF THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE. THERE WAS A SHARP, SHOOTING PAIN IN HIS HEAD, AS IF SOME MYSTERIOUS HAND WAS JABBING HIS BRAIN WITH A HOT NEEDLE···
HEY, JOHN···BOY, YOU MUST HAVE HAD A BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT! YOU LOOK A LITTLE RUGGED THIS MORNING! BY THE WAY, SOME HOODLUM HELD UP SIX GUYS LAST NIGHT ALL OVER TOWN! PHONES GOING LIKE CRAZY!
NO KIDDING? THAT MUST BE THE BELLS I KEEP HEARING IN MY HEAD! BETTER SEE THE CHIEF. SEE YOU LATER, TOMMY!
REWARD
WANTED
BLIX CRANDELL


HELLO, JOHN, HERE I AM···RIGHT ON TIME! JOHN···WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU··· YOU LOOK SO···SO DIFFERENT! ARE YOU MAD AT SOMETHING? YOU LOOK HARD AND MEAN! OH, HOW DID YOU CUT YOUR FACE?
CUT? OH, I GUESS I MUST HAVE DONE THAT SHAVING. GOSH, I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE DAY! MY HEAD'S SPLITTING! I COULDN'T GET ANY REAL WORK DONE!

I THINK WHAT YOU NEED IS A LITTLE RELAXATION! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!
WHAT DOES THIS GIRL MEAN, PUSHING ME AROUND LIKE THIS? DOESN'T SHE KNOW WHO I AM? NO, I SHOULDN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT ALICE. SHE'S A SWEET KID! OH, MY HEAD···
CARNIVAL

THINGS WERE HAPPENING BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF BLIX "JOHN SMITH" CRANDELL. HIS MIND SWAYED BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, WHILE THE SCAR DEEPENED ON HIS CHEEK···
C'MON, JOHN···THESE PLACES ARE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF LAUGHS AND SURPRISES!
SURE, ALICE, SURE···
HA, HA-HA! HO, HO, HO!

ALICE, LOOK! IT'S CRANDELL!! HE'S IN HERE, TOO! LET GO OF ME···I'VE GOT TO GET HIM!
JOHN, STOP IT! PUT YOUR GUN AWAY! HAVE YOU GONE MAD? HELP, SOMEBODY, HELP!

IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS, A STRANGE THING HAPPENED. THE INTRICATE ARRANGEMENT OF MIRRORS WHICH FLASHED BACK A THOUSAND IMAGES, ALSO FLASHED BACK A TRUE IMAGE OF HIMSELF···

YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE NOW, CRANDELL! I'VE GOT YOU CORNERED! PUT YOUR HANDS UP! FIRE BACK AT ME, WILL YOU? TAKE THAT!
BANG!
BLAM!
BAM!
CRASH!
CRACK!

SMITH WAS RIGHT··· THIS IS BLIX CRANDELL!
HMM, THIS IS ODD. HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE SHOT. LOOKS LIKE A BRAIN HEMORRHAGE TO ME!
I WONDER WHERE JOHN WENT TO! I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT. HAS ANYONE SEEN JOHN?
THE END

THEY SCREAMED WHEN I STARTED TO READ!

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